Coll.

From a head by G. Cruikshank

Mirth in Miniature;

OR,

BURSTS OF MERRIMENT:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

THE VERY BEST BON MOTS,

WITTICISMS, SMART REPARTEES, BULLS,

AND

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES.

Care to our Coffin adds a nail no doubt,
But every grin, so merry, draws one out.

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MIRTH IN MINIATURE;

OR,

Bursts of Merriment.

Hot as an oven.

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call for Mr. Joseph G****n, writer, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It was as hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied Mr. G. "for 'tis here I *make my bread.*"

Kind hearted Man.

An old bawd being carried before the late Justice Bond, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged against her. "Housewife! housewife!" said the Justice, "how have you the assurance to deny it? You do keep a bawdy-house, and I will *maintain* it."—"Will you?" replied the old bawd: "the Lord bless you! I always took you to be a kind-hearted gentleman."

Love our Enemies.

A physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, said, "Don't drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have." "I know that," replied Charles, "but you know we are commanded by Scripture to *love our enemies.*"

Venial wit.

Dean Jackson passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met some under-graduates, who walked along without *capping*. The Dean called one of them, and asked, "Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "How long have you been in College?" "*Eight* days, sir." "Oh, very well," said the Dean, walking away, "*puppies* don't open their eyes till the *ninth* day."

Hotch-potch.

Soon after Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a compliment, ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good? To which he replied, "very good for *hogs!*" "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help *you* to a little more."

Young Bible.

Lady Wallace, celebrated in Scotland for her wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to know what he was? Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, "Oh don't you know him? It is *young Bible*, bound in *calf and gilt*, but *not letter'd!*"

Quin and the Coxcomb.

Quin being one day in a coffee-house, saw a young beau enter, in an elegant negligee dress, quite languid with the heat of the day. "Waiter!" said the coxcomb, in an affected faint voice, "waiter!

fetch me a dish of coffee, weak as water, and cool as a zephyr!" Quin, in a voice of thunder, immediately vociferated, "Waiter, bring me a dish of coffee, hot as h—ll, and strong as d—m—n!" The beau, starting, exclaimed, "Waiter, what is that gentleman's name?" Quin, in his usual tremendous tone, exclaimed, "Waiter, pray what is that *lady's* name?"

Sons or Daughters.

About the year *thretty-sax*, a company differed, "Whether it was better for a man to hae sons or doughters?" They cou'd na 'gree, but disputed it *pro* and *con*. At last, ane of them said to Graham of Kinross, (wha had na yoked wi' them in the argument) "Laird, what's your opinion?" Quo' he, "I ha'e had three lads and three lasses; I watna whilk o' them I liked best sae lang as they suckit their mither; but de'il hae my share o' the callants whan they cam *to suck their father*."

A Tar in a Play-House.

A tar having got into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, recognised one of his messmates aloft, amongst the gods; "Pray, Jack, what did it cost you to get into that d—n'd snug birth?" On being informed that he gave only *a shilling*: "D—mme, this is fine business! I gave *five shillings* to get stowed into this *here hold*."

Donald at Paris.

A Highlander having gone with his master, into the church of Notre-Dame at Paris, to hear high mass, was very much delighted with the magnificence of the edifice, the splendour of the clergymen's dresses, and the divine harmony of the music. On leaving the church, his master asked him how he liked the performance? "Oh sir, 'twas wondrous fine," replied Donald, "God is served here like a gentleman, but in my country, (with reverence be it spoken) he is treated little better than a scoondrel."

The second month's the cheapest.

An Irishman, some years ago attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons: the flute player informed him, that he generally charged *two guineas* for the *first* month, and *one guinea* for the *second.* "Then by my soul," replied the Hibernian, "I'll come the *second* month.

Sowing Hemp.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well honest fellow, (said he) 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied "Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing *hemp.*"

The Retort Courteous.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed them, one of them said, "There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw." She hearing, turned back, and observing him to be very ugly, answered, "I wish Sir, I could in return, say as much of you." "So you may, Madam, (says he) *and lie as I did.*"

Charles Fox and the Butcher.

When Mr. Fox was canvassing for Westminster, he called on a butcher in St. James's market, to solicit his vote. The knight of the cleaver, without ceremony, thus answered his application: "Sir, I admire your *head*, but damn your *heart!*" to which Mr. Fox replied, "Sir, I admire your *candour*, but damn your *manners!*"

Thick as it is long.

A learned Scottish lawyer being just called to the bench, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him

for a new tie-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the judge desired to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth? The barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme *length* of his honour's head. "That's well, (said Lord S.) we lawyers have occasion for *long heads!*" The barber, who by this time had completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that "*his Lordship's head was just as thick as it was long!*"

Bishop Preaching.

A certain Bishop had a Biscayan man-servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the Bishop was to preach. The Bishop in his sermon, bringing authorities from the Scripture in this manner: "*Isaiah says thus:*" "*Jeremiah says thus:*" at last, happening to turn towards the door as his servant came in, went on, "*And what says David?*" Upon which the Biscayan roared out, "*He swears to God, that if you do not pay your old bill, you need never send to his shop again.*"

The Parson and Chimney-sweeper.

A dignified Clergyman, going down to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney sweeper, with whom he used to chat. "*So John,*" says the doctor, "*from whence came you?*" "*From your house,*" says Mr. Soot, "*for this morning I have swept all your chimneys.*" "How many were there?" says the doctor, "No less than twenty," quoth John. "Well, and how much a chimney have you?" "Only a shilling a-piece, sir." "Why then," quoth the doctor, "you have earned a great deal of money in a little time." "*Yes, yes, sir,*" says John, throwing his

bag of soot over his shoulders, "*we black coats get our money easy enough.*"

Stupidity in the natural way.

A countryman very much marked with the small pox applied to a justice for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Fellow," said he, in a rage, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small pox or not, but I am sure you have been for stupidity."—"Why, an't please you," replied the man, "perhaps I might, as you say, be *inoculated* for *stupidity;* but there was no occasion to perform that on your worship, for you seem to have *had it in the natural way.*"

Clownish wit.

Two country attorneys, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them, answered "*that his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*"

Goose and the gun.

A countryman, at Bury assizes, was indicted and arraigned for stealing a goose; but the accusation was false, for he brought a neighbour of his, who swore positively, that he remembered that very *goose* in his possession ever since it was a *gosling.* An Irishman, who was a prisoner for stealing a gun, hearing this successful defence, prevailed on a fellow countryman of his, to swear that he remembered the *gun* in his possession ever since it was a *pistol.*

Useful contrivance.

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the *wrong side outward?* He answered, "Because there was a *hole on the other side.*"

Sharp wit.

One saying to another, "You speak foolishly," he answered, "It is that you may understand me."

I shall never see you more.

A military officer of diminutive stature, was drilling a tall Irish recruit. "Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the end of his cane, to an angle of nearly forty degrees, "hold up your head so."—"And must I always do so, captain?" asked the recruit. "Yes, always," answered the officer. "Then, fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "for I shall never see *you* more."

A sow in a sack.

A countryman seeing a lady in the street in a very odd dress, as he thought, begged of her to tell him what she called it. The lady, a little surprised at the question, called him an impertinent fellow. "Nay, I hope no offence, madam," said Hodge, "I am a poor countryman, just going out of town, and my wife always expects I should bring her an account of the newest fashion, which occasioned my inquiring what you call this that you wear."—"It is a sack," said she, in a great pet. "*I have heard*," said the countryman, "*of a pig in a poke, but I never before saw a sow in a sack.*"

The Stutterer.

A soldier being to be sent on the late Spanish expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts, "Sir, I cannot go, because I—I—stutter."—"Stutter!" says the officer, "you don't go to talk but to fight."—"Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before I can say wh-wh-who goes there?" "Oh, that's no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge if you can fire."

"Well, b-b-but I may be taken, and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-quarter."

Exciseman outwitted.

An exciseman walking by the side of a river, espied a boy fishing, who knew him to be of that profession. "My lad," said he, "what do you fish for?" "I fish for the *devil*," replied the boy, "but want the right bait to catch him." "What bait is that?" said the other. "Indeed, sir," replied the boy, "I have been told there is no *bait* better than an exciseman."

Drunkenness pardoned.

There were, on the continent the last campaign, two brothers in one regiment, the one a sergeant the other a private, and both given very much to liquor. The sergeant happening in his cups one night to fall over his sword, by its getting between his legs, he had snapped the blade in two; to remedy which, and until he could conveniently get another put into the hilt, he had substituted a wooden one, which, when placed in the scabbard, could not be discovered; but, on his punishing a private for some offence, who was one of the very few that knew of the circumstance, he, in revenge, told his commander of it, who strictly enjoined the soldier to secrecy, thinking to have a laugh at the sergeant's expense: he therefore told all the officers at the mess-house of the joke, and promised them a treat. At the evening parade he called the sergeant—"Where is your brother, sir?" "In the black-hole, your honour," answered the sergeant.—"Take a file of men and fetch him here." He brings him forward. The commander proceeds—"You are such an infamous drunken scoundrel, and you have degraded the regiment for so many years, that I am determined (as no other punishment will reform you) to make you an example, by having your head cut off in the front of the battalion, therefore kneel and do you,

sergeant draw your sword and cut it off." The criminal pleaded, but in vain. The sergeant then begged of his honour, "that if his brother must die, not to let him be the executioner." "If you do not instantly obey I'll strike off your head," rejoined he. The sergeant fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "Pray Heaven, hear my prayers, and before I should be the slaughterer of my own brother, may the blade of my sword turn into wood. My prayers are heard," cried he, and drew it out; so turned the laugh against those who came to laugh at him. The brothers were both pardoned.

Haunted Ship.

An Irishman, who had been pressed on board a man of war, and who believed in ghosts, and supernatural appearances, inquired of his messmates, "if the ship was haunted?" "As full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they; "they are ten thousand strong between decks every night."—This so terrified Pat, that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face; so that from his knees downwards he was always naked and cold. After having been on board some time, the captain asked him, "how he liked a man of war?" "Very well," cries Paddy, "but your purser's a terrible rogue!"—"How so?" says the captain. "Why he serves out blankets that don't fit a man—do you know, sir, they are all too long at the top, and too short at the bottom, for they cover my head and ears, but my feet are always perished with the cold; I have cut several slices off the top, and sewed to the bottom, but the devil a bit longer it is."

Dutch hospitality.

An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland? "O yes, (replied he,) *too much:* I was in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there."

Laughter in time of danger.

In a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a boy burst into a violent fit of laughter: being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it; "Why, (said he) I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's *red nose* will make when it comes into the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew a laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by great exertion they brought the vessel safe into port.

Made upon the spot.

The Hon. Henry Erskine observing a *spot of grease* upon a friend's coat, said that he was at present in the same situation with his horse.—"How is that?' (the gentleman asked.) "Because (replied Mr. E.) you are *greased!*" "O Harry! (said his friend,) that wit is *far-fetched.*" "By no means, (exclaimed Mr. E.) it is *made upon the spot.*'

Cheap provisions.

An Irish gentleman, in the warmth of national veneration, was praising Ireland for the cheapness of provisions; a salmon might be bought for *sixpence*, and a dozen mackerel for *twopence.*—"And pray, sir, how came you to leave so cheap a country?"—"Arrah! honey, but where were the *sixpences* and *twopences* to be got?"

Foote and Partridge.

When Foote was at Salt-hill, he dined at the Castle, and when Partridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked his name; "Partridge, an't please you," said he. "*Partridge!* (returned Foote) it should be *Woodcock*, by the *length of your bill.*"

Gretna Green.

When the son of a certain London banker had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress, whom he

married, still retaining a *paternal* taste for *parsimony*, he objected to the demand of two guineas made by the *rivetter* at Gretna Green, stating that Capt. —— had reported the canonical charge to be only five shillings!—"True," replied Vulcan; "but Capt. —— is an Irishman, and I have already married him five times, so I consider him as a good *customer*, but perhaps I may never see your face again."

Whistling qualification.

A certain old lady in Cheshire, whenever she hires a servant, asks him if he can whistle?—On being requested by a friend to explain the cause of such a singular question, she replied, that when her footman went down to draw ale, she always made him whistle until he returned, by which means she insured his sobriety.

The Chimney-sweeper.

A few years ago, as one of the officers of the Guards was passing through Pall-Mall in his regimentals, a chimney-sweeper happened to rub against him—"You dirty black rascal," said the son of Mars, "how dare you come so close to me?" "Black rascal! *you lobster*," quoth the other, "you were as black as me before you were boiled."

A Scotchman's evidence.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteus, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," says the man, in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* (fowls) with, and the like."—"What kind of fools?" says the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my lord, *dukes*, (ducks) and sic kin' o' *fools*."

The sailor's prayer.

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor excited his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked if the man was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

Advertisement.

Some years ago, the courts of justice in Dublin were adjoining to a range of dull heavy buildings, called *Hell*, no doubt from the obscurity of the place.

The following advertisement appeared in one of the Dublin newspapers:

"To be let, a suit of chambers in Hell, ready furnished.

"N. B. They will be found very convenient for a lawyer."

Punning the foundation of wit.

The Hon. Henry Erskine is as distinguished for that species of wit, called punning, as George Selwin was formerly in England. "Punning is the lowest sort of wit," said a gentleman to him one day: "It is so," said he, "and is therefore the *foundation* of all wit!"

Bon Vivants.

Theo. Cibber, in company with three other Bon Vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular except a re-

markable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach—and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint—and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, "od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints?" "Why dom thee," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir!" said the man. "Aye, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second called out, "Here you—take out my eye." "Lord, sir," said the waiter, "your eye!" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog—pull up that eye lid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal—take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying, with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table—cried out in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a Mandarine upon a chim-

ney piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

White head and black beard.

A person meeting an old man, with silver hairs and a very black bushy beard, asked him how it happened that his beard was not so grey as the hair of his head? "Because," said the old gentleman, "it is *twenty years younger.*"

Excise Commissioners.

A Quaker was examined before the Board of Excise, respecting certain duties: the Commissioners thinking themselves but disrespectfully treated by his *thee-and-thouing*, one of them, with a stern countenance, asked him,—"Pray, sir, do you know *for what we sit here?*" "Yea," replied Nathan, "I do—some of you for a thousand, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

National business.

One Sunday, in the time of a very hotly contested election for the county of Forfar, in which Mr. Ogilvy was a freeholder, Lord Gray, one of the party which he espoused, sent into the church to say that he wished to see the parson at the public house. He immediately stopped his discourse, and said—"My brethren, I am called on the business of the nation; you will sing to the praise and glory of God, from the beginning of the 119th Psalm, and if I have not returned when you have concluded it, you may either begin it again, or go on to the next, as you like best.'

Charles Fox and the Jew.

When Charles Fox was miserably teased for money by some Hebrew creditors, he told them he would discharge the encumbrance as soon as possible.—

"But, Mr. Fox, name the *daysh*."—"The day of judgment."—"Oh, *Mister* Fox, that will be too *bushy* a day for us."—"Right, Moses, so we will make it the day after."

An Irish Englishman.

Lord St. John being in want of a servant, an Irishman applied for the place; among other questions his lordship asked—"What countryman are you?"—"An Englishman, please your Lordship."—"Where was you born?"—"In Ireland, my Lord."—"How then can you be an Englishman?"—"My Lord, supposing I was born in a *stable*, that's no reason I should be called a *horse*."

Dis a my pie.

A vessel lately in the Guinea trade having arrived at Exeter, a Negro boy, the captain's servant, called Pompey, being on shore on Sunday about noon, observing several people resorting to a baker's for different pies which had been left in the morning, and each person throwing a halfpenny upon the counter for the baking, which he considered as the purchase money, he returned on board, exclaiming, "Massa, Massa, give me one halfpenny, and I will bring you one great big pie!" His master, not understanding what he meant, but having a mind to humour his intentions, complied with his request: he hastened to the baker's, threw down his money, and the woman asked which was his? Eyeing the whole group, he picked out the largest, exclaiming, "Dis a my pie, dis a my pie:" the woman helped it on his head and he repaired with the prize to his messmates, who were not a little gratified with so unexpected a repast, procured by untutored simplicity, at the expense of some person's hunger.

Samuel Foote.

A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a

newspaper, saying, "He wanted to see what the ministry were about:" Foote, with a smile, said, "Look among the robberies."

A maiden's want.

A girl said to her young lover, I shall grant you all you ask, after you have given me what you have not; what you cannot have; and yet may give me. —a husband.

Dr. Parr.

Dr. Parr was not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman *a fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said he would complain of this usage to the Bishop. "Do," said the Doctor, "and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you."

Barebones.

A man meeting a weaver upon a mighty lean jade of a horse, said, "Weaver, why do you accustom yourself to ride so hard?" "*Hard!*" said the weaver, who always went at a snail's gallop; "Because you have rode all the flesh off your horse's back," said the other.

The Tailor's custom.

A tailor who was accustomed to steal some of his customers' cloth, when he came to make himself a suit, stole half a yard of his own: his wife perceiving it, asked the reason: "Oh," said he, "'tis to keep my hand in, lest at any time I should forget."

Killegrew.

The King of France taking Killegrew, the famous jester into a gallery full of pictures, among the rest, shewed him the picture of Christ upon the cross, and asked him if he knew what that was? But Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answered, No,

"Why," said the king, "I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the picture of our Saviour upon the cross, and that on the right side is the pope's, and that on the left my own." Whereupon Killegrew replied, "I humbly thank your majesty for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before."

Green-Room wit.

When Mrs. W———n first acted Harry Wildair at Drury-lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the green-room, "I believe," said she, "that one half of the house take me to be a man." To which said Mr. Quin, "But the other half, I believe, *know* to the contrary."

Republican vermin.

As Mr. Pigott was scratching his head at a bookseller's in Piccadilly, a gentleman remarked, "that he seemed to be troubled with republicans." "Rather," says another, "by courtiers, if we may judge by their attachment to the crown." "True," replied a wag of the opposition, "*the crown is always surrounded by vermin.*

Modern Buck.

An old man and a dashing young one conversing, the youth to show his penetration and discernment in the subject they were talking about, said "he could *smell a rat* as far as any body." "So I should suppose," said the old man, "by the length of *your whiskers.*"

Lord Chesterfield.

When Lord Chesterfield was in administration, he proposed a person to his late Majesty as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another.

The council, however, resolved not to indulge the King, for fear of a dangerous precedent. It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of office for the King's signature. Not to incense his Majesty, by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his Majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up? "*With the devil's!*" replied the King, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument (said the Earl coolly) run as usual, "*Our trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor?*" a repartee at which the King laughed heartily, and with great good humour signed the grant.

A pair of shoes made in four minutes.

Henley's audience at his oratory was generally composed of the lowest orders: he once attracted an immense number of shoemakers, by advertising that on the following Saturday he would lay open to the public a mode by which a pair of shoes might be made in four minutes, and demonstrate the ease and certainty of this new method, *by performing it in the face of the audience.* He did so—by producing a pair of boots, and *cutting the feet off.*

Dutch custom.

The Hollanders keep their apartments religiously clean, and to prevent their being dirtied by the consequences of smoking, sit round the room in a circle, and he who has occasion to spit—spits into his neighbour's mouth, who passes it on to another, and he to a third, until it gets into the mouth of the man who sits next the door, who passes it out of the room.

Smuggling.

A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country, were, generally speaking, men of more

abilities than those who remained at home. Oh, madam, said he, the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honour of the country no one be permitted to leave it, who is not a man of understanding. *Then*, said she, *I suppose your lordship was smuggled.*

Dr. Johnson.

A gentleman asking Doctor Johnson why he hated the Scotch?—I do not hate them, Sir, nor do I hate frogs, but I do not like to have them hopping about my chamber.

How to get rid of a wife.

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky? Madam, replied he, I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let all of them have their own way.

Charles Fox.

I wish, said Rigby to Charles Fox, that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of yours.—What, said Charles, that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose.

A smart reply.

A man whose circumstances were rather circumscribed, had a dispute with a very opulent citizen; who being provoked with one of his sarcasms, told him, if he made any more impertinent remarks, he would put him in his pocket—You had better put me in *your head*—there is *more room*, replied little dapper.

Norfolk painters.

When Garrick and Rigby were once walking together in Norfolk, they observed upon a board at a

house by the road side, the following strange inscription: *A goose koored hear.* Heavenly powers, said Rigby, how is it possible that such people as these can cure agues?—I do not know, replied Garrick, what their prescription is—but I am certain *it is not by a spell.*

Counsellor Dunning.

A fellow who was a witness in the Grosvenor cause at Westminster Hall, having a Bardolphian nose, Counsellor Dunning, thinking to embarrass him, began with,—Now you, Mr. with the copper nose, now you *are* sworn, what have you to say?—Why, by the oath I have sworn, replied he, I would not exchange my *copper* nose for your *brazen* face.

Mossop and the Cobler.

The late Mr. Mossop the player, always spoke in heroics. A cobler in Dublin, who once brought home his boots, refused to leave them without the money. Mossop returned during the time he was disputing, and looking sternly, exclaimed—*Tell me, are you the noted Cobler I have oft heard of?—Yes, says the fellow, and I think you are the diverting vagabond I have often seen.*

Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lord Mansfield, for he was educated in England. Much, said he, may be made of a Scotsman, if he be *caught* young.

An Irish criminal.

An Irishman at an assize in Cork, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Monteney. He was asked who he would be tried by? By no one, by J—s, says he. The jailer desired him to say, by God and his country. Upon my shoul I will not, (says Paddy) for I don't like it at all at all, my dear! What's that

you say, honest man? says the judge. See there now, (says the criminal) his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty? "What do you say?" says the judge, in an authoritative voice, I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter; but I will be tried by your lordship and my country.

Lawyers.

To call lawyers *Birds of Passage*, gives but an imperfect image. They bear, it is true, some little resemblance to the *Woodcock* in the *length of their bills*. In every other respect they may be fairly classed among the *Birds of prey*. It is no libel to call the Judge an *Eagle*. The Serjeants and Counsel, *Ravens*, *Hawks*, and *Buzzards*. The County Attorney is invariably a *Kite*. The town pettifogger wants nothing but feathers to make him a complete *Vulture*, and as to *the finisher of the law*, he is in more senses than one, a *Cormorant*.

The Princess Amelia.

The Princess Amelia once observing a very tall officer come into the rooms at Bath, asked who he was, and being told, that though now in the army, he was originally intended for the church. For the steeple rather, replied she.

Root and branch.

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and imprudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the House of Peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this *mauvaise honte*—My Lords and Gentlemen, I rise this time—My Lords and Gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My Lords

and Gentlemen, *if ever I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever.*—And he sat down.

A Minister's promise.

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of the Duke of Newcastle, who, for many months, kept him in constant attendance, until the poor man's patience being quite exhausted, he one morning called upon his patron, and told him that he had at length *got a place.* The Duke very cordially shook him by the hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune—but pray, Sir, added he, where is your place?—*in the Gloucester coach*, replied he, *I secured it last night; and, you, Sir, have cured me of higher ambition.*

The frightened Chaplain.

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-night. The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

Courage put to the test.

The famous Weston of facetious memory having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman, a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our

companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another.—With all my heart, says Weston, *come, I'll wound you first;* so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears into his eyes. This done and the wound tied up with a handkerchief; Come, said the gentleman, *Where shall I wound you?*—Weston putting himself in a posture of defence, *Where you can, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you;* and so marched off contentedly.

Old Broadbrim.

A traveller to a house in the city, being at Bristol, invited six quakers to sup with him at his quarters; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but it being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, *dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself by singing a song?* I do, said he. *Then if thou art so inclined*, resumed old Broadbrim, *now, we shall not oppose thee.* After repeated solicitations he began to amuse himself, and the friends seemed as much amused as he.—It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not famed for strict accordance with modesty: the rider paused, and said he did not wish to proceed, as it was Sunday morning. *Thou mayest finish thy song friend*, said one of them, *for I can assure thee, that clock goes five minutes too fast.*

Pragmatical banker.

A certain pragmatical banker, of very low origin, continually boasting of his consequence, was one day determined to open his self-importance; and at a public meeting at the London Tavern; said—Why

I think Mr. —— you and I have done very well, considering how little cash we began with; I remember when I came from Yorkshire, I had only one half crown left, which I put into my mouth on Finchley Common, for fear of being robbed; and I think you had not so much. The other piqued at this relation, replied, It is well known I had gold in my pocket. Gads so, says the other, that is true, *for I remember the parish made only one collection for me, but they went round a second time for you.*

Summary justice.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels; upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman perceived it, and drawing out a penknife, catched the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! murder! cries the thief; Robbery! robbery! cries the gentleman; upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared, *There are your tags and buttons!* Very well says the gentleman, (throwing it back in like manner) *there is your ear.*

A valiant Frenchman.

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon enlisted; returning again, being asked by his

friends, what exploits he had done there? said, that he had cut off one of the enemies legs; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh! said he, *you must know that his head was cut off before.*

A Robber's qualification.

Cartouche, the famous French robber, being told that a young man wished to become a member of his band, took him under examination, and asked him where he had served before? He replied, two years with an attorney, and two months under the Inspector of the Police at Paris. Then, replied Cartouche with transport, I have met with a proper person, and shall consider your probation as quite equal to having served the whole time in my troop —*rank accordingly.*

Wapping sinners.

A methodist preacher holding forth at the chapel in Wapping, to a crowded audience, used the following phrase, You are all sinners! great sinners, vile sinners, wicked sinners, *wapping sinners!* The last phrase bearing a double meaning, some of the congregation considered it as particularly aimed at their own vicinity, and drove him from the pulpit.

Charles XII.

In the last expedition made by Charles XII. of Sweden, there was great commotion in the army from the bad quality of the bread, and one of the men breaking into the royal presence with a piece in his hand, held it out to the king, and asked him *if he thought that bread was fit for soldiers?* Charles took it from him and ate it,—only saying, I have eat *better*, but I *could* eat worse. All murmur subsided.

Fountaine and Foote.

Fountaine the lawyer and Sam Foote, once dining together at the castle at Richmond, had a goose, and in picking the bones, the lawyer had so greased his mazzard, that the comedian rang the bell, and on the waiter appearing, desired to know who had the kitchen stuff? The scullion, Sir, was the reply; why then, added Foote, send her up this moment with a wet dishclout, to wipe this gentleman's face, or she will lose half her perquisites.

The graziers outwitted.

Three graziers at a fair left their money with their hostess while they went to transact their business. A short time after, one of them returned, and under pretence that they had occasion for the whole money, received it from the hostess, and made his escape with it. The other two sued the woman for delivering that which she had received *from the three*, before *the three* came and demanded it. The cause was tried, and a verdict found against the woman—when Mr. Noy, then making his first appearance at the bar, wished to be feed by her, because he could not plead without it. He then moved an arrest of judgment, that he was retained by the defendant; and that the case was this: The defendant had received the money of the three together, and confesses, *she was not to deliver it until the same three demanded it, and therefore*, the money is ready—*let the three men come, and it shall be paid.* This motion altered the whole course of proceeding, and first brought Mr. Noy into notice.

The Broom dealers.

Two *very honest fellows* who dealt in brooms, meeting in the street, one of them asked the other how the devil he could afford to undersell him—Because, said he, *I steal* the stuff with which I make

them.—Why, you silly dog, replied the other, *I steal* them ready made.

The Parson and the Shepherd.

A proud parson and his man riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. The same, said the shepherd, that clothed you; the parish. The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back and ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. Why are you going away then? said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, his living cannot maintain three of us.

Polite Robbers.

About ten or twelve years ago some robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:—

A Card.

Mr. R——s, of Stanhope-street presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that: to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket book they are also *heartily welcome:* but in the said pocket book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums,

receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is with due respect theirs, &c. W. R.

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, containing the books and papers, with this apologetical epistle:—

Sir,

You are quite a *gemman*. Your madery we be's not use to, and it got into our upper works, or we should never have crib'd your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup** in Duke's plaice, two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new christened*, and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been *transported*, you should have had 'em again, for you are quite a *gemman*, but you know as they have been christened, and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe, Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wissit you by nite or by day, and are yours till death. A. B. & C.

George II.

When George the second was once at a masquerade, he observed Miss Chudleigh in a habit which very closely bordered upon the naked: *My dear*

* Melted down.

lady, said the good-natured monarch, *Suffer me to put my hand upon that soft bosom.—Sire*, said she, *give me your hand, and I will put it on a much softer place.* She took his right hand, and put it upon his own forehead.

Charles II.

Charles II. once asked the famous bishop Stillingfleet, how it came to pass, that although he was informed he always preached *without book* elsewhere, yet he always read his sermons before the court? The bishop replied, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to himself, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself. But will your Majesty, continued Stillingfleet, permit me to ask you a question in my turn? Why do you read your speeches when you can have no such reasons? Why truly, said the king, doctor, your question is a very pertinent one, and so shall be my answer. I have asked parliament so often, and for so much money, *that I am now ashamed to look them in the face.*

Addison's Friendship.

It is related that Addison lent Sir Richard Steele an hundred pounds, which the knight probably thought would never be claimed from him—but Addison had other notions of money; and not being paid when he demanded it, went so far as to seize the effects of his friend under an execution!!

Dr. Price.

The day after Dr. Price published his pamphlet on the National Debt, &c. the late Duke of Cumberland being walking in Westminster Hall, in company with Counsellor Dunning, met the Doctor, and thinking it necessary to pay a compliment, told him, that he had read his book with so much delight,

and sate up so late to finish it, that it had *almost blinded him.* Rather singular, said Dunning, that it should have such an effect on your Royal Highness, for it has opened *the eyes* of every body else.

Sir George Rooke.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends that were present, expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave. Why, said the veteran, I do not leave much, but what I do leave, was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, or the nation a farthing.

George I.

George I. of England, having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journeys, determined to avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine summer's day, and while the servants were changing the horses and stowing the baggage in the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs, which having ate, he inquired what was to pay for them. Two hundred florens was the reply. How! cried the astonished monarch—why so! eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys. No, replied the landlord, eggs are not scarce here, but kings are.

Sedentary Employment.

A Frenchman being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked what he could do as a slave? His answer was, he had been used to a sedentary employment. Well then, said the pirates, we will put you on a pair of feather breeches and set you to hatch chickens.

An Alehouse Girl and Parson.

An alehouse girl took it into her head to be catechised at church. The parson asked her what was her name. La, Sir, said she, how can you pretend

not to know my name, when you come to our house so often, and cry, ten times in an evening, Nan, you slut, *bring us another full pot and then!*

The Jew reprieved.

When a Jew, who was condemned to be hanged, was brought to the gallows, and just on the point of being turned off, a reprieve arrived; when Moses was informed of this, it was expected he would have instantly quitted the cart, but he staid to see his two fellow travellers hanged, and when asked, Why he did not get about his business, said, *He waited to see if he could not bargain with Maisther Ketjch for the two gentlements clothes.*

The Jewess.

On one of the nights when Mrs. Siddons first performed at Drury Lane, a Jew boy, in his eagerness to get to the first row in the shilling gallery, fell over into the pit, and was dangerously hurt. The managers of the theatre ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging, and he was attended by their own physician; but notwithstanding all their attention, he died, and was decently buried *at the expense of the theatre.* The mother came to the playhouse to thank the managers, and they gave her his clothes and five guineas, for which she returned a curtsey, but with some hesitation, added, *They had forgot to return her the shilling which Abraham had paid for coming in.*

Female singer.

A gentleman being asked his opinion of the singing of a lady who had not the purest breath, said that *the words* of the song were delightful, but he did not much admire the *air.*

The Irish Horse-Dealer.

An Irish horse-dealer sold a mare, as sound wind and limb, and *without fault.* It afterwards appeared

that the poor beast could not see at all out of one eye, and was almost blind of the other. The purchaser finding this, made heavy complaints to the dealer, and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be *without fault.* To be sure, returned the other, to be sure I did, but then, my dear, the poor crater's blindness is not her *fault*, but her *misfortune.*

Fire-proof.

The late Sam Foote could say any thing of any body, or to any body—when he was once at Lord Kelly's table, a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold—get his Lordship to dip his nose into the tankard, said Foote, and if he keeps it there half a minute—and the beer does not boil, it must be *fire-proof.*

Charles Macklin.

Macklin the player once going to one of the fire-offices to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would please to have his name entered? Entered! replied the veteran, why I am only plain *Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of Parliament*, but in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esquire, *as they are now synonymous terms.*

Mr. Stackpole.

The late Mr. G. Stackpole observing that every set of servants cheated their master, said, that as he could not expect better luck than his neighbours, and did not wish any of his property to go out of his own family, he would hire his among his poor relations; he did so—and it was not uncommon to hear him call out, when his table was full of company of the first respectability—*Uncle Tom*, tell *Cousin Dick*, to go down to the kitchen, and acquaint *Aunt Betty* that she has roasted the mutton to rags.

Sailor and Methodist Parson.

An Irish sailor strolled one Sunday into a Methodist meeting-house, where, although he did not understand much, he deported himself with decency and propriety for a long time. The parson was a man of very diminutive size, and crooked in his person, and having reached the phrenzy moment of his acting, exclaims, Look at me! I am the light of the world! Are you, by St. Peter, says Pat, then get shored up straight, that you may'nt *flare*, and stick yourself upon a save-all, or you'll leave us in the dark presently.

Peter Pindar and his Irish Patient.

An Irish patient of some distinction, that was teazing Peter Pindar with his symptoms, and who had nothing scarcely to complain of, told him he had frequently an itching, and begged to know what he should do. Scratch yourself, Sir, replied Peter; which laconic advice lost him his patient.

Serjeant Davy.

An Irish gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench, as surety for a friend in the sum of three thousand pounds; Serjeant Davy, though he well knew the responsibility of the gentleman, could not help his customary impertinence. Well, Sir, how do you make yourself to be worth three thousand pounds? The gentleman very deliberately specified the particulars up to two thousand nine hundred and forty pounds. Aye, says Davy, that is not enough by sixty—For that sum, replied the other, I have a note of hand of one Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to discharge it. This set the Court in a roar; the Serjeant was for once abashed, and Lord Mansfield said, Well, brother, I think we may accept the bail.

Pettifoggers.

A farm was lately advertised in an Irish newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air, were detailed in the richest glow of rural description, which was farther enhanced with this N. B. There is not *an Attorney* within fifteen miles of the neighbourhood.

An Irishman and his Brother.

An Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, I am eldest, said he, but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age.

The Execution.

A fellow walking through the Old Bailey, at the time of execution, when an Irishman was at the point of being turned off, inhumanly bawled out: Are you there, I always said you would come to be hanged!—You're a liar, replied Pat, if it was the last word I had to say; I did not *come*, I was *brought*.

Irish Sailor in a storm.

An Irishman being in a storm at sea, ran to the captain, and desired he would let him lock up his goods in some place of safety. The captain, seeing him a poor ragged fellow, asked him what goods he had got? Arrah, honey, says Teague, I have got a knife, a tobacco-box, and a pair of gold-coloured buckles; and I must desire you to lock them up fast, that if we should be cast away, I may know where to find them.

Quite speechless.

Two Irishmen went a little way into the country, to see some of their friends, and drinking too freely, they were much in liquor. Their friends would fain have persuaded them to have staid all night,

but they were determined to go home. They set out accordingly; but, before they had got a mile, one of them took a reel and fell flounce into a ditch. The other, hearing him fall, called out, Patrick, if you are dead tell me! No, honey, says Patrick, I am not dead, but I am quite speechless.

Dance or Die.

Dr. Young was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute. For the same reason, said he, that I took it out—to please myself. The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness—It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*. The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol. What! said the officer, do you intend to assassinate me?—No, replied the doctor; but you shall instantly put up

your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man. The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. Now, said Young, you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require I am able to give it.

The Decoy.

A noble lord, liberal, but not rich, wishing to promote a public subscription, for which he found the pulse of the audience not very strong, began it by putting down his own name for £500. On this his old steward took fire, and hobbling up to him, whispered, My lord, are you mad? why we have not five pounds in the house.—I know it, you old blockhead! go about your business; then raising his voice to the clerk of the meeting, he repeated, put me down for £500. The liberality of this sum had a wonderful effect on the assembly, and subscriptions poured in apace. About a month afterwards, when the collecting-clerk made his best bow to his lordship, requesting his subscription-money. Subscription from me! said his lordship, what! did not I devise the ways and means by which you got all this money, and now you want to drag more out of my own pockets! why you unfeeling man, would you kill your *decoy-duck?*

Giving Warning.

A gentleman who did not live very happy with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night, Happy girl! said the master, I wish I could give warning too.

Garrick.

At the rehearsal of Venice Preserved, when a new actress, highly recommended to Garrick, was

to make her *debut* in Belvidera, she repeated that tender exclamation, Would you kill my father, Jaffier? with so much *sang froid*, that Garrick whispered her nearly in the same tone, Can you chop cabbage, madam?

Plain Helen.

A gentleman having introduced his wife, who was very plain, to Foote, observed, that though his Helen could not boast of much beauty, she was an excellent housewife.—I have no doubt of it, my good friend, said Foote, I was only thinking it was a thousand pities that the Grecian Helen was not more like her, for if she was, Troy certainly would never have been burned.

Apology for absence.

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of a party the day before, to which he had been invited. Oh, my dear sir, replied the wit, say nothing about it, *you were never missed.*

The Discovery.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, before Foote, the latter asked him, And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?—What right have I to her? said the other. Every right, by the laws of all nations; *as the first discoverer.*

Irish Humour.

A passenger in a ferry-boat near Dublin, was so drunk as to be very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks, as, how beastly drunk he was; that he should be thrown overboard, &c. At last the boatman exclaimed, Why to be sure the man is bad enough, but bad as he is, I wish I had half his disorder about me.

Another.

An Irishman comparing his watch with the Town clock burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed at, he replied, And how can I help it? Here is my little watch, that was made by Paddy O' Flaherty, on Ormond Quay, and which only cost me five guineas, has beat that big clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday morning.

Neck or nothing.

Foote dining at the house of Mrs. Thrale, found nothing to his liking, and sat in expectation of something better coming up. A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it as he had the other dishes. As the servant was taking it away, however, understanding that there was nothing more, he called out to the fellow, Hollo, master, bring that back again; I now find it is *neck or nothing*.

Shall and will.

A Scotch gentleman having a conversation with Mr. Horne Tooke, observed, that he, in common with his countrymen, was apt frequently to confound *shall* and *will*, and that he wished to have from so great a grammarian some rule respecting the use of those verbs. I can, said Mr. Tooke, give you an extremely simple rule. When you sit down to write, go on as your pen leads you, then revise what you have written, and wherever you find *will* substitute *shall;* and wherever you find *shall* substitute *will*.

Spartan Bon-Mot.

A stranger who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg, visited Lacedemon. Practising this trick before a Spartan, he vauntingly said, You could not preserve that posture so long.—No, replied the Lacedemonian, but a goose can.

THEATRE
The Rivals
Right & wrong

Losses.

A young clergyman complaining one day to Dr. Johnson, that somehow or other he had lost all his Greek, I fancy, sir, replied Johnson, it was at the same time that I lost my great estate in Yorkshire.

Modest Preacher.

When doctor —— —— preaches, said an humble pastor, the ploughman leaves his furrow, the tradesman his shop, the scholar his books, and the fine lady her toilet, to crowd round his pulpit. When I preach, I set all things to rights again, and every one follows his own business.

A diplomatic reply.

Sir Andrew Mitchell, the English resident at Berlin, during the second Silesian war, in communicating to the king of Prussia the intelligence of some advantage obtained over the enemy, made use of the following expression:—By the help of God we have gained a victory over the French. What! said Frederick, is God one of your allies, then?—Certainly, replied the ambassador, and the only one that demands no subsidies from us.

The Amusements of modern young Men.—Swift.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Chattering nonsense all day long,
Humming half an opera-song;
Choosing baubles, rings, and jewels;
Writing verses, fighting duels.
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation.
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces;
And, though no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

An Expedient.

The late Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed in large letters, Boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father to lord Audley. His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

Stuttering witness.

The late judge Clayton one day had occasion to examine a witness, who stuttered very much in delivering his testimony. I believe, said his lordship you are a very great rogue.—Not so great a rogue as you, my lord——t-t-t-ake me to be.

Sign of the three crosses.

Dean Swift in his journeys on foot from Dublin to London, was accustomed to stop for refreshment or rest at the neat little ale-houses on the roads-side. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly distinguished by the sign of the *three crosses*, in reference to the three intersecting ways which fixed the site of the house. At this, the Dean called for his breakfast; but the landlady, being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers, some waggoners, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he took from his pocket a diamond, and rote on every pane of glass in her bettermost room:

To the Landlord:

There hang three crosses at thy door:
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

Enigma, on the letter H, by Lord Byron.

'Twas whisper'd in Heaven, 'twas mutter'd in Hell,
And Echo caught softly the words as they fell;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the Depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
'Twas seen in the Lightning, 'twas heard in the Thunder,
'Twill be found in the Spheres when they're riven asunder;
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest Breath,
It assists at his Birth and attends him in Death;
Presides o'er his Happiness, Honour, and Health,
Is the prop of his House and the end of his Wealth;
In the Heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal Heir;
It begins every Hope, every Wish it must bound,
And tho' unaspiring with Monarchs is crown'd;
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from Home;
In the Whispers of conscience its voice will be found;
Nor e'er in the Whirlwind of passion be drown'd;
'Twill soften the Heart, but tho' deaf to the ear
It will make you acutely and instantly Hear;
Yet in Shade let it rest like a beautiful flower,
O! breathe on it softly, it fades in an Hour.

Retort Courteous.

Some years ago a noble peer, well known at St. James's for his unremitting assiduities, meeting with one of his old college companions, whe had turned farmer, thus accosted him: Why don't you learn to please? You would then be no longer obliged to live by the labour of your hands.—And why, answered the farmer, do you not learn to work? You will then no longer be a *slave.*

A Definition.

When Sir John Taber went to Versailles, to try the effects of bark upon Louis the Fourteenth's only

son, the dauphin who had been long ill of an intermitting fever, the physicians who were about the prince did not choose to permit him to prescribe to the royal patient till they had asked him some medical questions: among others, they desired him to define what an intermitting fever was. He replied, Gentlemen, it is a disease which I can cure, and which you cannot.

A Modern Sermon.

TEXT—*Job, chap.* 5. *v.* 9. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.

I shall divide the discourse into the three following heads:

First—Man's Ingress into the world.
Secondly—His Progress through the world.
Thirdly—His Egress out of the world.

And first—his ingress into the world is naked and bare.
Secondly, his progress through the world, is trouble and care.
Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

To conclude,

If we live well here, we shall live well there.
And I can tell you no more, was I to preach a whole year.

A Certificate of Marriage.

Dean Swift, in one of his pedestrian journeys from London towards Chester, is reported to have taken shelter in a summer tempest under a large oak on the road side, at no great distance from Litchfield. Presently a man with a pregnant woman, were driven by the like impulse, to avail themselves of the same covert. The dean, entering into conversation, found the parties were destined for Litchfield, to be married. As the situation of the woman indicated no time should be lost, a proposition was made on his part to save them the rest of the journey by

performing the ceremony on the spot. The offer was gladly accepted, and thanks being duly returned, the bridal pair, as the sky brightened, was about to return; but the bridegroom suddenly recollecting that a certificate was requisite to authenticate the marriage, requested one, which the dean wrote in these words:

Under an oak, in stormy weather,
I join'd this rogue and whore together;
And none but he who rules the thunder
Can put this whore and rogue asunder.

An Oriental Epologue.

A legislator desirous of binding the people in iron chains, enacted laws without number. In the interim, he fell sick, and his physicians prescribed for him innumerable medicines. Why is this *profusion* of physic? cried the patient. To restore you to health, was the reply. But, amidst so many remedies, may not some destroy the effect of others?—Pardon me, sir, it was my intention to treat your malady in the same manner in which you treat the state.

A Woman never wants an Excuse.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folks in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night;

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips *once* touch'd the cup,
She swigg'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore—drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the *angel* stood so plain,
He got a *devil* pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd,
His hair stood on his pate;
And, Why dost guzzle now, he cry'd,
At this enormous rate?

John, said she, how am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop;
For then 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the *devil*—a drop.

A Sea Chaplain's Religion.

When the earl of Cloncartie was captain of a man of war, and was cruising on the coast of Guinea, he happened to lose his chaplain, who was carried off by a fever; on which the lieutenant, a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying at the same time, that he was sorry to inform him that he died a Roman Catholic.—Well, so much the better, said his lordship. Oot away, my lord, how can you say so of a British clergyman.—Why, says his lordship, because I believe I am the first captain of a man of war that could boast of having a chaplain who had any religion at all.

New Instruments of Warfare.

During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon, of Dublin had *three mortars* in his house. A magistrate with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded in the king's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them—adding, that as they were useless without the *pestles*, these also were at his majesty's service.

Rondeau.

I told my love, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
Four bow-pots constitute my fields,
This but a scanty harvest yields;
My *flocks* are center'd in my bed,
Beneath an almost roofless shed;
Did I not then, my love, tell true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few?

Irish Reasoning.

A poor Irishman, who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend, with the common-place reflection, that we must all die once. Why, my dear, now, answered the sick man, that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it.

Knight Boniface.

When the marquis of Townsend was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he was by some means or other detained at a little public-house one evening, where he liked the company of his landlord so well, and

got so good humoured, as to dub him a knight. In the morning, when his lordship recollected what had passed, he would fain have treated the whole as a joke; but the knight was not to be put off so; he was a knight and a knight he would remain. However, a few arguments made him rather more tractable, and he said, in all the simplicity of an Irishman, Faith, I do not much care about it myself, but I must go up stairs and consult my lady.

A Major in Distress.

Lord Armadale, one of the Scotch judges, had a son, who at the age of eleven or twelve rose to the rank of a major. One morning his mother hearing a noise in the *nursery*, rang to know the cause of it. It is only, said the servant, the major greeting for his porridge.*

French gallantry.

An English gentleman visited at a house in Paris, where he was very hospitably entertained, and where the amiable hostess displayed all that gaiety for which the French women are remarkable. The husband happened to leave the room for a short time; shortly after, madame lost all her vivacity, and, at length rose up, and after giving John Bull a hearty box on the ear, flew out in a rage. Immediately after, the husband entered, when our countryman told what had happened. The Frenchman was astonished. You have not, I hope, said he, been guilty of any rudeness to my wife.—Assuredly not, sir.—Good God! what can be the matter then? what did you say to her?—Why I talked about indifferent matters, about the weather and the news. —Then, said the Parisian husband, I am not at all surprised at her behaviour, when, being left alone with a fine woman, you had nothing to entertain her with but the weather and the news!

* Crying for his breakfast.

New cause of Imprisonment.

Mr. Baldwin, who has now left the bar for the Secretary of State's office, having one day been employed to oppose a person justifying bail in the court of King's Bench, after asking some common-place questions, was getting a little aground, when a waggish counsellor behind whispered him to interrogate the bail as to his having been a prisoner in the Gloucester jail. Thus instructed, our learned advocate boldly asked—When, sir, were you last in Gloucester jail? The bail, a reputable tradesman, with astonishment declared, that he never was in a jail in his life. Mr. B—— insisted that he had been a prisoner at Gloucester; but being able to get nothing out of him, he turned round to his friendly brother, and asked for what the man had been imprisoned. The answer was, For *suicide.* Without hesitation he then questioned him thus: Now, sir, I ask you upon your oath, and remember that I shall have your words taken down, was you not imprisoned in Gloucester jail for the crime of suicide?

Oh! What a falling off was there!—by Peter Pindar.

Sweet was the nymph I lov'd, divine her air;
Her cheeks were purer than the blush of morn;
Fairer than Alpine snows, her breasts so fair
Look'd down upon the lily's white with scorn.

Mild on my ear her melting accents stole,
And promised ages of delicious love:
Her form with Grecian statues vied, her soul
Seem'd borrow'd from some saint who sung above.

Thus fancy rioted, all wrapt in flame;
I married, blest my stars, and went to bed,
Possess'd, and next day found my wond'rous dame
The damn'dest shrew that ever wore a head.

A Miracle.

A monk of St. Anthony, in order to raise the fame of his patron, and add to the profit of his convent, executed the following artifice. One day he preached under a tree where a magpie had built her nest, into which he had previously found means to convey a small box of gunpowder, having hanging out from it, but concealed in the tree, a long thin match that was to burn slowly. As soon as the monk or his confederates had set fire to the match, he began his sermon. In the mean while the magpie returned to her nest, and finding in it a strange body, which she could not remove, she fell into a passion, and began to scratch with her feet and chatter unmercifully. The father affected to hear her without emotion, and continued his sermon with great composure; only he would now and then lift up his eyes towards the top of the tree as if he wanted to see what was the matter. At last he pretended to be quite out of patience, cursed the magpie, and prayed that St. Anthony's fire might consume her; he then went on again with his sermon; but he had scarcely pronounced a few periods when, to the astonishment of the devout auditors, the explosion took place, and consumed the magpie in her nest.

Sporting Intelligence from the Sea-side.

A partner in a banking-house, who lives near enough to the abode of a facetious alderman to nose his worship's kitchen whenever turtle is the order of the day, was very lately at a small watering-place on the coast of Essex. Being in the country he determined to partake of its sports; and, for the first time in his life, to have a day's shooting.—When we are at *Rome*, said the cit, we must do as they *does* at *Rome*. A vulgar sportsman, such as a country squire, or a rustic nobleman, sets off on foot, or at best on a shooting poney, in pursuit of game. A

city *Crœsus* disdains such simplicity. Accordingly our banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phæton, took the pointers he had borrowed in the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him. The dogs, who had never been used to such a fashionable style of travelling, soon began to shew symptoms of uneasiness, and even of an inclination to desert.—They were detained, however, in part by caresses, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the scene of action; when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home, except one, who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind. But even *he* might as well have gone with the rest; for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprise and chagrin of the city sportsman. They hallooed him on; they whistled to him; but nothing could make him move. It was provoking, they said, they never saw a dog so restive in their lives. So, taking a whip from a domestic, they belaboured the refractory Carlo, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds. Before the banker could recover from the alarm occasioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of sight. These were all he saw that day; nor could he sufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog.—If he had not stopped said the banker, I should have fired into the thick of the *brood*, and killed one half of them. His companion made no doubt but he should have killed the rest. On his returning to his carriage, the *man of money* determined to try his skill at some sparrows on a dunghill. He shut his eyes; and before he could open them again to count the dead sparrows, a pig, which was lying under the straw, and which he had shot in the head, came running out, and laid itself at his feet, squeaking most horribly in the agonies of death. And out came the farmer's men with flails and pitchforks; and out came the farmer's

dog, and seized him by the coat; and out came the farmer himself, and seized him by the collar. Perceiving himself thus beset, the banker offered an honourable composition; but when he found that no less sum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and said, that a pig of equal size might be purchased for less money in London. His companion, however, observing that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall-market than in the country, the money was produced; and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog, retired to their respective kennels. It is the quality of a great mind not to be easily discouraged. The banker therefore re-loaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by the cries of—Good lack! I am shot! as Got shall have me, I'm shot! It was a Jew, who had been making a sacrifice, which was not that of the Paschal lamb, and who, at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass, and shrubs of broader leaf and more commodious, received a large portion of the charge in that part where, according to Butler,

> ———A kick hurts honour more,
> Than deepest wounds received before.

As the banker had never seen a magpie in the city that did not speak, he supposed that the whole species was naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds. I have shot a magpie, said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when, in the passage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him in the nakedness of a *sans-culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker started back in speechless horror. The circumcised dog pursued and took him by the throat, swearing by the Got of Moses, that he would have blood for blood. The dreadful threat he enforced

by the most sanguinary arguments *a posteriori*, and probably would have realized it, if the banker's friend had not offered him egregious ransom. At the first mention of money, the bleeding member of the half-tribe of Manassah relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and retired well satisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Messrs. —— and ——.

A mistake.

An Irish gentleman having come over to London to make his fortune, soon found himself much distressed for a dinner. Happening to pass by a barbers's shop, he saw announced on the window, *money for live hair*, which, being no profound scholar, he read, *money to live here.* Aha! says Paddy, this is just what I was looking for; I am now satisfied that the character of the English for generosity is well founded.—Please to walk in, sir, says Mr. Shave-for-a-penny; sit down, sir. A dirty towel is then put over him, and a brass barber's bason, full of warm lather, stuck under his chin. This is an odd sort of entertainment, thinks Paddy, but a given horse must not be looked in the mouth. Strap steps out for his razor, and in the mean time, Paddy, being extremely hungry, falls to gobbling up the contents of the basin. Strap returning, stares with astonishment, while poor Paddy, after almost vomiting up his guts, exclaims, By Jasus, you had need to give a man money to live here, for your soup is like p—ss, and your turnips are not half boiled!

Epitaph on a Highwayman hung in Chains.

A Parody.

Here high suspended on a gibbet hangs,
A youth, to ev'ry vicious practice prone,
But, caught by iron law's tremendous fangs,
The gaping gallows claim'd him as its own.

Bad were his principles, his practice worse,
And when he mounted Newgate's fatal drop,
He gave the hangman an outrageous curse,
From him he got what he deserv'd—a rope.

The Reparation.

I had a friend, I fondly thought,
I lent him money without measure,
Repayment vainly I besought,
I lost my friend, I lost my treasure.

But as a balance for this wrong,
To ease me of domestic strife,
And free me from a vicious tongue,
He kindly stole away my wife.

Irish Dispatch.

An Irishman told his friend, that some days before he had met with a person who struck him a blow—And did you take it? said the other. Did I take it? May I never see dear Dublin again, my jewel, if I did not send the thief who gave it me into eternity before he had time to eat his breakfast the next morning!

Good Reasoning.

The late marquis of Townsend being, when very young, at the battle of Dettingen, a drummer's head was shot off so close to him, that his brains bespattered his lordship's regimentals. A veteran went up to encourage him, and told him not be alarmed, as this was a common accident of war.—O dear, said the other, I think nothing of that, but I am considering what the devil could bring this drummer here, who possessed such a quantity of brains.

Gasconades.

Our braggadecios are nothing to the French Gascons. Two of these worthies having an alterca-

tion, the one said, Don't put me in a passion, otherwise I'll toss you up so high, that ere you reach the ground, you'll die of hunger. The other answered, Take care, sir, I do not throw you so high, that ere you descend, the flies will have devoured you.—Wretch! returned the former, my patience is at an end; if I take you only in my left hand, I shall shake you into so many pieces, that the largest will be your ear.

An unlucky expression.

A tragedy called Edwy and Elgiva was brought forward at Drury-lane. In the course of it, the heroine, Mrs. Siddons, appeared with Mr. Maddocks. She being in a very distressed situation asked the attendant,

Where shall I go *for ease?*

To which he answered, softly,

Behind yon hedge.

Which the audience taking rather in a ludicrous sense, by their laughter completely destroyed all tragic effect, and damned the piece.

Canine Infection.

The hair-brained son of a Scotch peer lately relating the danger in which he stood from a mad dog, which ran by him so close as to touch him, one of the company gravely asked, Pray my lord, did *you* bite him?

Fresh Vegetables.

A ship in the course of a long voyage, was overtaken by a storm, in which she sprung a *leak:* the cook (who was a Welchman) on being informed of it, thanked God for it, as he had tasted no *fresh vegetables* for many months.

A sudden appearance.

An attorney enraged at the loss of a cause, on the success of which he depended for his fees, was

uttering volleys of oaths, and calling for the devil to take him, when a little sweep, who had been employed by his servant to clean the chimneys, and had descended from the top, suddenly made his appearance, and making a profound obeisance to the terrified lawyer, told him, Sir, my master will be here immediately.

A palpable hit.

A player named Robinson, applied to Mr. Wilkinson, the manager of the York company, for an engagement for himself and wife, stating, that she was capable of performing all the first characters; but as to himself, he was the worst actor in the world. Wilkinson engaged them, and the lady fully answered the character given of her. The first part sent to Mr. Robinson, was that of a mere walking gentleman. Indignant at this, he went to the manager, and asked how he could think of sending him such a paltry part. Sir, replied the other, here is your own letter, saying that you are the worst actor in the world.—Aye, but then I had not seen you.

A family Letter.

A woman writing from the country to her husband, who had been absent for some months, after telling him how matters went on at home, added—Mrs. G. and Mrs. B. are pregnant; Mrs. L. and Mrs. P. pretend they are so; Miss A. and Miss B. are afraid they shall soon be: and I alone am neither pregnant nor expect to be, which *you* ought to be ashamed of.

A Bull.

An Hibernian being asked if he liked salmon, answered, Yes, pickled; for, says he, if I go to market and buy a bit of *fresh* salmon, it is so *stale* that it is not fit to eat.

Hung Beef.

Lord Norberry, the Irish judge, dining at a table where corned beef formed a dish, was asked if he chose a slice. I would try it, said he, if it were hung.—If you were to *try* it, observed Mr. Curran, it would be sure to be *hung*.

The Request.

An Irish physician, when on his death-bed, was visited by a neighbour, who, with a kind and friendly solicitude, asked him if there was any thing he wished to be done after his death, in which he could oblige him, adding—Indeed, indeed, doctor, I will pay a sacred attention to your request.—Why, then, replied the other, let me entreat you to be particularly kind to your three youngest children, *for they are all mine.*

A Simile.

A gentleman haranguing on the perfection of the English law, and of its being equally open to the poor and to the rich, was answered by another, So is the London Tavern.

An Experiment.

A tradesman's wife having purchased a raven, one of her neighbours asked her, how she thought of buying such an ugly and useless bird? My husband and I, replied she, wish to try the experiment, whether it be true, that ravens live to the age of seven or eight hundred years.

Antiquity of modern dress.

The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin clothing as those of London. A lady of distinction there, having become very conspicuous by the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought di-

rected to her, and entitled Dress for madame ——. It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a vine-leaf.

The farce of physic.

When Dr. ——, some years since went to practice at Bath, a gentleman asked Dr. Delacour, what could bring a practitioner from the metropolis, to open a shop in the country. The reason, replied he, is obvious enough, sir; when a doctor breaks down on the *London turf*, he retires to *cover at Bath for a guinea and a shilling*.—Why, my dear doctor, this makes physic a *mere farce*.—True, rejoined he, *a direct farce*, for it is generally the *last act* before the curtain drops.

Benefit of Law.

Mr. Corri, the musician, became bankrupt in Edinburgh, and having been thrown into prison, he was liberated by the humanity of the law of that country, which allows an insolvent debtor, who has not acted fraudulently, to be released, on his giving up to his creditors all his property on oath. This is done by an action against the creditors, called *cessio bonorum*, in the course of which, the bankrupt must satisfy the court respecting his losses, &c. Mr. Corri's counsel, Mr. Robert Sinclair, after enumerating a variety of losses from the theatre, a tea-garden, &c. added, There is one article, my lords, which I shall read to you from Mr. Corri's own statement, Item, I have had forty-seven lawsuits, all of which I lost, except one, and that *cost* me £3. 17*s*. 4*d*. for the winning of it.

A Simile.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her ugly husband suspended on her

breast, asked a gentleman whom he thought it like. It think, said he, it is like the Saracen's Head, on Snow-hill.

An Alderman's Pun.

A distinguished country member having lately made rather an undecorous exhibition in a certain great assembly, a no less distinguished city baronet observed to the gentleman who sat next to him, That the honourable member was more Fuller than ever.

Oriental Wit.

A woman complained to a cazy, that a man had violated her. He denied it, but the woman persisting, the cazy ordered him to pay the woman ten rupees. The woman was going away thankfully with the money, when the cazy desired the man to follow her and take it back. He attempted it, but she defended it with such force that he could not get it. The woman now returned into court, and complained that the man had attempted to force the money which had been awarded her. And did he take it? said the cazy. No, said she, I would die before he should. The cazy then said, If you had defended your virtue as well as you have done your money, it would not have been taken from you; restore the money instantly.

N. B. This it will be remembered is exactly one of Sancho's most celebrated decisions, when governor of Barrataria.

In a certain city a large quantity of cotton had been stolen, but the thief could not be discovered. An ameer who had been applied to, made a great feast, inviting all persons indiscriminately. When they had sitten down, the ameer said, what impudent blockheads are these who, having stolen the cotton, come to my feast with it sticking on their beards. Some persons instantly put their hands to their beards, and were thus detected.

A person went to see a friend who had just got a considerable promotion; being elated with which, he pretended not to know the other, saying, Who are you? what do you want?—I am, said he, your old friend, come to condole with you on the loss of your sight.

One day a bird was sitting on a tree; the king said to his courtiers, I will kill that bird with an arrow; he aimed and missed, at which he was not a little ashamed. One of the courtiers said, The king intended at first to kill the bird, but he had mercy on its life, and took pains to miss.

A person married a woman, who in four months brought him a boy; she asked her husband what name he would give his son. He answered, call him *Courier*, for he has performed a journey of nine months in the space of four.

A king was sitting on his terrace, when a man held up a beautiful bird; the king asked his reason; he said my lord, I betted with somebody on the part of your majesty, and won this bird; deign to receive it. The king was pleased and took the bird. A few days after, the same person came with a horse, saying, This horse also have I won in your majesty's name. The king accepted it also. A third time he came attended by another person, saying, I betted two thousand rupees with this man on the part of your majesty, and having lost the wager, I bring him to you for the money. The king smiled and gave it him, but told him never to bet again on his account.

A person complained to Ali, saying, That a man has declared he dreamt he slept with my mother. May I not inflict upon him the punishment of the law? Ali replied, Yes; place him in the sun, and beat his shadow, for what can be inflicted on an imaginary crime but imaginary correction.

A person having a bag of denars stolen in his house, complained to the cazy, who ordered all the people of the house before him, and gave each of them a piece of stick, all of equal lengths, saying, that whoever was the thief, his stick would be a finger's breadth longer than the rest. The thief alarmed, cut a finger's breadth off his stick; the next day when they were called by the cazy to produce their sticks, he was thence detected.

A blind man having buried five hundred denars in a corner of his garden, was robbed of them by a neighbour who saw him at work. Suspecting who had stolen his treasure, he went to him, and asked his advice in the most friendly way, concerning a bag with a thousand denars, which he said he had by him, and would gladly know his opinion about the disposal of them. I have at present, said he, five hundred denars in a certain part of my garden, and I believe I shall decide upon putting this there likewise. His neighbour hearing this, took the first opportunity of replacing the five hundred denars, in hopes of being able soon to draw out double the sum; but the blind man having attained his end, put it out of his power to make a second attempt.

An experimental Bull.

A poor old woman, on being asked if she had any witnesses, answered thus, My lord, I was so ashamed of being in jail that I have not sent for any body, but I will endeavor to give myself as good a character as I can.

Irish Bull.

In the Irish Bank Bill, passed in June 1808, there is a clause providing, that the profits shall be *equally* divided, and that the *residue should go to the Governor.*

An Irish rencountre.

When two Irish laborers meet in England, the common salutation is, Ah, Pat! I'm glad to meet you on *t'other side of the water.*

A Dangerous Bull.

In one of the late revolutionary battles in Ireland, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artillery-man was just applying the match, and thrusting his head into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms: By Jasus, I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time.

A Welsh Bull.

In a part of South Wales, where inundations are frequent, a board is raised on a post with this inscription: Take notice, that when this board is *under water* this road is impassable.

The Duchess of Devonshire.

As the late duchess of Devonshire was rambling one day in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, she was overtaken by a shower, which obliged her to take shelter in a small hut, where she happened not to be known. Among other topics of conversation which she introduced in her affable manner, she asked the good woman if she knew the duchess of Devonshire. Know her, answered the woman, aye, God save her, *every body* has cause to know her here, there never was a better lady born.—I am afraid you are mistaken, said her grace, from what I can understand of her, she is no better than she should be.—I see you are no better than you should be, returned the poor woman; it would be happy for you if you were as good; but you—you'll never be worthy to wipe her shoes.—Then I must be beholden to *you*, for they are at present very dirty, answered her grace. The honest cottager, perceiving

her mistake, ran to perform the office with the greatest humility, which was generously rewarded by the duchess.

Parliamentary Bull.

On account of the great number of suicides, a member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it a capital offence.

Another.

When Sir John Scott, now lord Eldon, brought in his bill for repressing the liberty of the press, a member moved as an addition that all *anonymous works* should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

Another.

In May 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from the Parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. It contained a clause that any member, who, from illness or other cause, should be unable to write, might authorise another person to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter so franked, the member gave a certificate under his hand of his inability to write.

Another.

In a bill for pulling down the old Newgate, in Dublin, and rebuilding it upon the same spot, it was enacted, that to prevent unnecessary expense, the prisoners should remain in the old jail till the new one was finished.

Shoes misusea.

A lady of fashion ordered a pair of dress-shoes from a shoemaker, in Jermyn-street. When they came home, she was delighted with them; she put them on and went and danced at a ball. When she took them off they were all in tatters. Next morn-

ing she sent for the tradesman, and asked him how he could send her such a pair of shoes, that were destroyed by being once worn. He begged her pardon, and said it was impossible. But recollecting himself, How stupid I am, said he, your ladyship must have walked in them.

On the Death of a Watchmaker.

Thy movements, Isaac, kept in play,
Thy wheels of life felt no decay
For fifty years at least;
Till by some sudden secret stroke,
The balance or the main-spring broke,
And all thy movements ceas'd.

Theatrical Bon-mot.

In a very thin house an actress spoke very low in her communication with her lover. This actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed with a face of woeful humour; My dear, you may speak out, there is nobody to hear us.

No period to Law.

Some gentlemen talking of the inattention of writers to punctuation, it was observed that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. I should think nothing, said one of the company, of their not using commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst is, they put no *periods* to their works.

Little Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb, and pull'd out a plum,
And said what a good boy am I.

When the venal and base to eke out job or place,
The national business delay,

Con-tracting, pro-tracting, sub-tracting, ex-acting,
And are paid ——— for mere taking of pay;

What are they but Jack Horners, who snug in their corners,
Cut freely the public pie,
Till each with his thumb, has squeez'd out a plum,
Then cries, what a good man am I!

Jack Ketch outwitted.

A fellow had been adjudged to lose his ears, when Jack Ketch came to put the law in force, he found the culprit already cropped. Jack seemed surprised. What! said the criminal, Am I to find ears every time you please?

A natural mistake.

At the ceremony of making a serjeant, in the Court of Common Pleas, an ass, which had mistaken its way, popped its head into court just as the late lord chief Justice was repeating, *Methinks I spy a brother!*

A Grammatical Pun.

A country schoolmaster being lately interrogated by one of his pupils with respect to the etymology of the word *syntax*, replied, after some consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstance of the ancients having laid a *tax on sin*.

Anecdote.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailles, What difference there was between a clock and a woman, replied, A clock seems to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them.

A broad hint.

A person went out with an intention of dining with a gentleman, but returned soon after. His

wife asked him how he had come back; he said he had a *hint* given him that his company would be dispensed with—the fact is he was kicked down stairs.

A change of front.

A French officer in the Canadian war, as often as he was defeated, used to write to his general, that he found it convenient to change his front.

Bon-mot.

A person who was considerably involved in debt, was asked how he could sleep at night. You should rather wonder, said he, how my creditors sleep.

A Substitute.

The following circular application was lately made by the widow of a shoemaker in Dublin, to her late husband's customers: My husband, Terence O'Donochan, is dead; but this is nothing at all; for Patrick Murphy, our journeyman, *will keep doing for me the same as he did before;* and he can work a good deal better than Terence did, poor man, at the last, as I have had experience of, be-because of his age and ailment; so I hope of your custom.

A Metaphor.

When a woman is married, the law language says, she is *clothed with a husband.* The metaphor, in all probability, is taken from a cloak.

Lame and Blind.

During the retreat of the British last war in Holland, a soldier who had lost a leg was left behind with another who had lost both eyes. As they were assisting each other in their misfortune, a cry was made that the enemy was coming up. Thank

God! said the latter, I shan't see them.—And I'll be damned, said his comrade, if I run away from them.

A gift returned.

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I. done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the psalms, and so contrived as to contain every psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college, and promised, in return, to grant them whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his majesty this picture, accompanied with the request, which was—that he would give it them again.

Parochial Certificate.

Certificate of character given to a young girl, upon her removing from one parish in the Highlands to another, deposited with the session clerk: This certify that Isable Wier served with us during the half year, and found her in every respect *creditable* and *free* of *nothing* that was in any way *rong*.

MICHAEL WELSH.

Irish accuracy.

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a Dublin paper: A horse.—To be sold a beautiful *mare*.—Would mount a lady well; or draw a gig in an elegant style.—Any gentleman in want of a *horse* for the season, will in *her* find a valuable acquisition. Inquire, &c.

Birmingham Liar.

A gentleman told his friends that he was born in Birmingham, and though he loved the country, and respected its inhabitants, yet he must in justice declare, that all people born in that town, and its vi-

cinity, were the greatest liars in the universe. Then, says a gentleman present, if you speak the truth, you lie; and if you lie, you speak truth.

The Parson's Wig.—An Epigram.

Fam'd parson Patten wore a comely wig,
With which in pulpit he look'd wondrous big;
But time, destroyer of all earthly things,
In Patten's wig sad revolution brings.
Poor was the parson, and his credit bad,
Another caxon was not to be had;
So often had it shewn itself at pray'rs,
At length it counted more of years than hairs.

Acme of Distress.

Mr. Moore having been long under a prosecution in Doctor's Commons, his proctor called on him one day while he was composing the tragedy of the Gamester. The proctor having sat down, he read him four acts of the piece, being all he had written, by which the man of law was so much effected, that he exclaimed, Good God! can you add to this couple's distress in the last act?—Oh! very easily, said the poet, I intend to put them in the spiritual court.

Wooden feasts and silent music.

The celebrated Mrs. Barry for many years reigned Queen of the Drama in Ireland and participated the public favor with the once elegant Sprainger her husband. Some time after his demise, when she was considerably above fifty, she thought proper to espouse a tall strapping Hibernian barrister, whose name was Crauford, and who in virtue of his marriage, became proprietor and manager of Crow-street Theatre. Under his auspices, a system of economy and impunctuality were introduced rarely equalled in the history of the stage. In all the drinking and supper scenes upon the stage, small beer was substituted for wine, and the *viands*

were furnished by the property man. The *pies* were of *pasteboard*, and the *roast fowls* were carved from *wood*, and *painted* in the *culinary* style. The *wax tapers* were changed for *mution* lights, and the musicians were all dismissed, or had dismissed themselves as being unable to obtain payment of their salaries. The pay of the actors, who had not written agreements were reduced, and many of the poorer *Thespians*, who often looked forward to a *supper scene* to allay their hunger after a day's fasting, found themselves reduced to the alternative of a *wooden* repast, or of going to bed supperless.—One night when the farce of *High Life Below Stairs* was performed, my Lord Duke, in leading Mrs. Kitty out to move the mock minuet, very gallantly assured her that this was the first time he had the honor of being at a Ball without music; and in the supper scene, Sir Harry told lady Betty, he was afraid that deal ducks and oak pheasant were too hard for her teeth; but pressed her to take part of the pasteboard pie, which he hoped was more manageable. Philip the butler, in recommending the wines from *humble* Port to *Imperial Tokay*, observed that, he believed his master did not pay his wine merchant, for the *Tokay* was no better than *small beer*, and the *Champaine* tasted *confoundedly strong of the water*. The gods in the gallery, highly diverted at the ludicrous finesse of the actors, roared out lustily for music, when Sir Harry came forward, and assured them the whole band were indisposed with a violent vacuum in their pockets, upon which one of the *gallerians* cried out, clear the stage and we will perform the concert. The performers took the hint; and instantly, the stage was covered with a tremendous shower of benches, broken chandeliers, glass bottles, orange peels, and all other missiles within reach of the exasperated audience. The company in the boxes fled in trepidation, and such was the devastation committed upon all the furniture, that the theatre was closed for a fortnight,

and the managers obliged to make an apology and restore the ancient usages of the house.

A curious Marriage.

In a provincial paper was lately announced, the marriage of Mr. Crow to Miss Rooke. This union proves the truth of the old adage, that *Birds of a feather flock together.*

The Crown.

One of those famed *literati*, a country sculptor, was ordered to engrave on a tomb-stone the following words:

A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband.

But the stone being small, he engraved on it,

A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband.

Alliteration.

To Mr. Peter Pettiward, Parson, *at* Putney, *per* Post.

SIR,

I pray permission to acquaint you that Polly and I have been pressed to partake of a plentiful dinner provided by Mr. Paul Puffcrust; and as you always petition me to tell you the particulars, I shall first present you with the party. There was Mr. Puffcrust's nephew, the pastry cook: Mr. Price the pewterer; Mr. Pulpit, the parson, with Mrs. Pulpit; Mr. Pullet, the poulterer; who was put in a passion because he had been prevented from possessing that portion of his property which was previously provided for him; Mr. Prettyman, the pawnbroker; Mr. Parapet, the plaisterer; and old Prose, the poet, with a parcel of very pretty ladies. The dinner provided was very pretty, and put on the table in the following order:—a pair of fine plaice, a couple of pullets, a venison pasty, some potted plover, a pig, and plenty of pastry, with plates full of pears, plums, peaches, pineapples, and pomegranates. Af-

ter dinner, was placed on the table plenty of port, which Prose the poet pushed about pretty briskly, till it put all the poetry out of his pate, and made him puffed up with pride, as he never perhaps before partook of a pint of port; but presently one of the party told him his poetry was a paltry performance, which put him in a passion, but was prevailed on by Mr. Pullet to be pacified, and put up with the affront, which old Prose promised to do; so that pushing the port about, being jovial, and all pretty good friends again, I persuaded myself to push homewards, so that I parted from them in pretty good time, and now have put pen to paper to tell you these particulars, and as I am pretty full of punch and port, you must excuse my troubling your patience to peruse this epistle, and permit me to prescribe myself

Your penitent Parishioner,

PETER PEPPERBOX.

Epigram.

Little bandy-legged Thomas went out in a gig,
One fine Sunday morning, looking wondrous big,
And gaping about, he drove over a stump,
Which gave him a fall o'er his galloway's rump;
An Irishman in passing, ran to his aid,
"O, my honey! your legs are both broke I'm afraid."
"O no," answered Tom (with his breath almost spent)
"Then, by Jasus, my dear, they are DAMNABLY BENT."

Whimsical accident.

A lounger in St. James'-street, was lately half unmanned by a lady's parasol, which coming in contact with one of his *whiskers*, she carried it triumphantly off, amidst the hearty laughter of the passengers.

Painter turned Physician.

A painter who had turned physician, was asked why he had quitted his profession: Because, replied he, my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner, therefore I have now chosen one in which they will be buried.

Ask for enough.

An old farmer on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer the purpose? The landlord answered peremptorily, No! Why then, sir, said he, will you give me enough to build a barn? No. To make a gate, then? Yes. That's all I wanted, said the farmer, and more than I expected.

The Courtier cut short.

A borough, famous in the country on account of an ass-fair, which is held there every year, had sent its magistrate to meet a prince in order to harrangue him. A courtier of the prince's retinue, perceiving that the speech began to grow tiresome to him, thought proper to make a diversion, by asking the speaker what asses were worth in his country? The magistrate stopped short, and after having examined from top to toe the person who had asked him such an out of the way question, When they are, answered he, of your color and size, they are worth five crowns. And then resumed the thread of his speech.

Northern Wit.

A Scotch woman, whose name was Margaret, did nothing but swear and abuse, instead of answering the minister. Ah, Margaret, says he, donna ye ken where a' the sinfu' gang? Deel tak them that kens, as weel as them that speers, cries she. Ah, Marga-

ret, they gang where there be wailing and gnashing of teeth. By my trow, then, says Margaret, let them gnash that hae them, for de'l a stump hae I had these twenty years.

The danger of disseminating free-thinking opinions.

Mallet was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master's bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, who united a bad heart to an unsettled head, was determined to practice what Mallet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master's house. Being pursued, and brought before a justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. Sir, said the fellow, I have often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state; that, after death, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery. Well, but, you rascal, replied Mallet, had you no fear of the gallows?—Master, said the culprit, looking sternly at him, What is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?

A Conundrum.

A fashionable emigrant was invited on Michaelmasday last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with extravagant encomiums on a giblet-pie, which his host was most voraciously devouring. Have you ever, mounseer, said Mr. Greenfat, have you ever seen any thing like it? Nothing in my life, replied the other, except your worship's wig. Ha! ha! exclaims the alderman, that's a good one. But pray how is my wig like that pie? *Pardie!* rejoined the Frenchman, because it has a *goose's head* in it.

Castles in the air.

During the civil war, same persons of the royal party having mixed with the republicans in company, were talking of their future hopes. 'Tis all building castles in the air, observed a surly republican. Where can we build them else? replied a cavalier: you have robbed us of every inch of land.

Origin of an old saying.

A tailor who lived near a church-yard in a large town, used to count the number of funerals, by putting a stone into a pot, which hung up in his shop for that purpose. At his death, his house was shut; and, on inquiry, it was observed by a next-door neighbour, that now the tailor himself was *gone to pot.*

An introductory ceremony for an author.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to deliver at Guildhall. I must first dine with you, replied he, and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fill it.

Contrivance.

A couple of sweeps having occasion to pass the new bridge at Manchester, unluckily could muster only a single half-penny between them. How to raise the other half-penny to pay the toll they knew not, till one of them proposed to toss up which should carry the other over. This was done—one was instantly crammed into the bag, and lugged over on the shoulders of the other as a burthen of soot.

How to be a Connoisseur.

A lady, to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem:—She sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that

his house was on fire. Take care of my Cleopatra, exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra.

Pope Ganganelli.

When raised to the papal chair, changed nothing of his former simplicity of manners, or his mode of living. When his butler waited on him for his table, Never mind my negligence, says the pope, of these matters. I shall not trouble you; but you may keep your place, and let me keep my health.

Necessity of show.

A doctor, who advertised his cure for the gout, was sent to by a rich patient. The servant announced to his master, lying in bed, the arrival of the doctor. I hear no carriage under my window, said the patient. Sir, says the servant, the doctor came on foot. What! exclaimed the angry patient, cure the gout, and not keep his carriage! John, go down and horsewhip the fellow.

Extempore verses.

Ben Johnson in the early part of his life, was a bricklayer, but was then distinguished for his wit and poetical talents. A lady of considerable humour who had heard of him, passing him one morning while he was at work addressed him thus:

With line and rule,
Works many a fool.
Good morning, master bricklayer.

To this Ben replied,

In silk and scarlet,
Walks many a harlot.
Good morning, madam.

Naval bon-mot.

The Duke of Clarence, now William IV., jocularly observing to captain H——y, of the navy, that he

heard he read the bible, wished to know what he learnt from it. The captain replied one part of the scripture he well remembered; which was—Not to put his trust in princes.

Danger of a Joke.

Philip I. of France, frequently exercised his wit at the expence of William the Conqueror's fat paunch; and once in particular, when the latter was reading at Rouen, he jocularly inquired of one of William's courtiers, when his master would lie in? The Conqueror did not relish the jest, and gave Philip to understand, that as soon as he should get abroad, he would acknowledge his kind inquiries at Paris, with ten thousand lances in his train.

The Cunning Priest.

A Norman priest, whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.

A Lamb's fry better than nothing.

A comical old fellow, who loved to be saving, having been to market to purchase a lamb's fry, on his return met an acquaintance, who accosted him with, Ah! Mr. Gripe'em, what, you've been to purchase some provision. Yes, said the old man, a nice lamb's fry for my supper. Ah, said the other, nothing is better for supper than lamb's fry. I beg your pardon, retorted the old gentleman, but I think lamb's fry is *better than nothing.*

General Laborie.

General Laborie, in conversation with Count Lehrbach and Field-Marshal Lasnes, at the French

advanced posts while the Convention of Hohenlinden was preparing, made some allusions to the want of dignity which a great nation exhibits in making war in the pay of a foreign power. How! observed the Austrian, the Emperor is in no one's pay. But you receive subsidies from England. No, said Count Lehrbach, with vehemence, it is a loan. Yes, replied Laborie sarcastically, and you pay the interest *with legs and arms.*

City Humourist.

An old city humorist being told that Dr. ——, the physician, was dead, exclaimed, Good God! I am always glad to hear of a doctor's death, *it saves so many lives.*

Abraham Newland.

A Dialogue.

Friend. Newland hath just expir'd! Oh matchless name!
Most sterling writer on the rolls of fame.
Poet. Just dead! I've seen so little from his pen,
I vow I thought him dead the lord knows when.

All hum-bugs.

When Stephen Kemble was manager at Newcastle, and the houses were rather thin, no less a personage arrived in town than prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, that between the acts of the play, prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssynian banquet. The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk,

and cut the air, exclaiming, ha ha—ho ho! Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince, with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; lastly the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw-beef steaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming ha ha—ho ho! and made his exit. Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant prince of Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissors, and quills, in the character of a Jew-pedlar. What! said Kemble, my prince, is that you? are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner? Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, Prince be d——d, I vash no prince, I vash acting like you—you vash kings, princes, emperor to-night, Stephen Kembles tomorrow; I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs.

A Gallows' Joke.

A Frenchman and an Irishman being to be hanged at the same time, the former was sadly in the dumps; when his companion blasted him for a snivelling coward. Ah! said he, it is nothing to you Irishmen, you are used to it. When the hangman was putting the rope round his neck, he exclaimed, piteously, *misericorde! misericorde!*—Measure the cord! you thief, says Jack Ketch, I'll warrant it long enough to hang half a dozen such rogues as you.

Effects of Education.

An ancient maiden lady had a present sent her of a parrot, which in its voyage from the West In-

dies had learned a number of naughty words from his fellow passengers in the forecastle. While the good damsel admired his beauty, she was shocked at his immorality, observing what a pity it was they had not rather taught him his creed. She flattered herself, however, that as he would now associate with her other parrot, who repeated the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the litany, he would soon reform and forget his vulgar sea-phrases. The same afternoon the lady had a party of pious dames to tea, to whom she introduced both her birds, first giving her new comer a caution to behave well. Poll, however, to her utter mortification, and the profanation of her guests, exclaimed, Damn the old b—— my mistress, while her more godly brother uttered his response, We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!

Epigram.

Young Saul went out, as holy writ doth say,
To seek his father's asses gone astray;
Should younger George on such a job go out,
He'd find his father's ministers no doubt.

Bottom to the last.

A jester being on his death bed, one of his companions begged when he got to the other world, he would put in a good word for him, I may perhaps forget, said he; tie a string about my finger.

Pun of Churchill.

The late Mr. Churchill having baptized the child of a friend, and coming after the ceremony into an adjoining room, where was the child's grandfather and several other friends of the family, the old fellow desired the parson would tell them how little miss had behaved at her sprinkling. As well as they generally do, replied Charles, there was a little whimpering to be sure. Aye, aye, said the grand-

father, that's the way, that's the way; they come crying into the world, and are perpetually out of temper till they go out of it; is it not so, Charles? It certainly is, replied Churchill, it certainly is; but it is not confined to them, we are all of us out of temper when we are *cross'd.*

Odd Proclamation for holding a Fair among the Scotch.

O yes! and that's ae time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's third and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dub-skouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of a twa-a-penny, until he down on his hob-shanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to hea'en nine times God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manor. So you heard my proclamation, and I'll gang home to my dinner.

The Royal Shepherd.

A certain great personage asked a poor fellow who was driving some sheep (and who did not know his majesty) how much he expected for the sheep per head. Whoy, seven-and-twenty shillings, zur.—Seven-and-twenty, I can't get more than four and-twenty.—Then you don't know your business, said the clown.

The Prince's Wardrobe.

A chevalier d'Industrie, in London, finding his finances at a low ebb, profited of the epocha when when the heir apparent of the crown preferred re-

trenching his retinue, &c. to be enabled to pay his creditors. The Frenchman saw himself reduced to 100 guineas, without entertaining a hope of being ever able to add a single shilling to them: he visited all the old clothes shops in the capital, and selected about a dozen pair of breeches, half that number of waistcoats, three coats and a hat, and with them proceeded to Paris. When the chevalier arrived, he caused to be published through the capital, That the prince of Wales was become a bankrupt, that his numerous creditors had forced him to sell his wardrobe, and that he (the chevalier) had purchased it at a very considerable price. This strange intelligence was believed, and people of all ranks, ages, and sexes, flocked to the apartments of the industrious knight, who soon bought his whole stock in trade, and made him 500 per cent. richer than when he landed at Calais.

Bon-mot of Henderson the Player.

He went to dine one day with an eminent physician, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, who was remarkable for his attachment to money. As soon as the doctor arrived, he went to his desk to deposit the fees he had received in the morning. Pray, says Henderson, what are you about there, sir J——? I am laying up treasure in heaven. The more fool you, replied Falstaff, for you'll never go there to enjoy it.

Royal Correspondence.

Dr. Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, couched in the following terms: Sire, I acquaint your majesty, 1. That there are wanting books of Psalms for the Royal family. I acquaint your majesty, 2d. that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, 3d. that the ballustrade, next the river behind the church, is become ruinous.

The Miser.

The late Richard Russel, Esq. had a renter's share at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, where he used to go almost every evening; and notwithstanding his immense fortune, his penury was so great, that rather than give a trifle to any of the women who attended in the lobby box to take care of his great coat on an evening, he used constantly to pledge it for a shilling at a pawn-broker's near the theatre, and redeem it when the performance was over, which cost him one half-penny as the interest.

Bon-Mot.

A tar, who had lately commenced porter, going with a heavy load a few days ago up one of the long streets of Marybone, where there are very few resting places for loaded passengers; as divine service was then performing in Bentinck chapel, not knowing the decorum of the place, was going into the porch to pitch his load, when he was interrupted by a person at the door, who told him he did not know what place it was, that it was a place of worship, a chapel of ease, &c. Oh! then, replied the tar, that is the place I want; for as I am scurvily tired of this load, I mean to ease myself of it directly. He was accordingly proceeding to pitch his burden, but was strenuously opposed by the beadle, who told him, that no such thing could be suffered there on any account. No! said the fellow; why then a'nt you a pretty lying son of a b— to say it was a chapel of ease.

Love Epistle, by a Stone-cutter to a Widow.

Divine Flint,

Were you not harder than porphyry, or agate, the chisel of my love, drove by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression on thee. I that have shaped as I pleased, the most untoward

substances, hoped by the compass of reason, the plumet of discretion, the saw of constancy, the soft file of kindness, and the polish of good words, to have modelled you into one of the prettiest statues in the world: but alas! I find you are a flint, that strikes fire and sets my soul in a blaze, though your heart is as cold as marble. Pity my case, pray madam, for I know not what I say or do. If I go to make a dragon, I strike out a cupid; instead of a church font for baptism, I make an apothecary's mortar; and dear pillar of my hopes, pedestal of my comfort, and cornice of my joy, take compassion upon me, for, upon your pity I build all my hope, and will, if fortunate, erect statues, obelisks, and pyramids to your generosity.

Matrimonial Advertisement.

Confined in a certain street, the north end of the city, up three pairs of stairs backwards, by the cruelty of a most unnatural mother, and the indolence of a father, who doth not want for sense, but spirit to wear the breeches, a young girl turned of one-and-twenty, not very tall, but thought to be too much so by her mother, who still keeps her in flat-heel'd shoes. The young lady cannot boast of as much beauty as her mamma, but she has the advantage of her in an easy temper, and would be quiet if she would let her. She would be much obliged to any gentleman who could take pity on her sufferings, and relieve her by marriage, from the distresses, bolts, and bars, she labors under. N. B. She is quite easy as to fortune, and will be as well contented with a partner of £1000. per annum, as with a larger sum.

Repartee.

Marshal Villars, upon the death of the duke de Vendome, in Louis the XIVth's time, was made governor of Provence in his room; and when the marshal went to take possession of his new gov-

ernment, the deputies of the province made him the usual present of a purse full of louis d'ors; but the person who had the honor to present it, said to him, Here, my lord, is such another purse as that we gave to the duke de Vendome, when like you, he came to be our governor; but the prince, after accepting of it as a testimony of our regard, very generously returned it.—Ah, said Marshal Villars, putting the purse into his pocket, M. Vendome was a most surprising man, he has not left his fellow behind him.

The wager lost.

A baker was boasting that he seldom or ever bought any meat for his family on a Sunday, as he generally could take sufficient from his neighbour's joints that came to be baked, without their missing it; and declared he could take off a rib of beef without being discovered. Mr. Wick, who stood by, betted him one shilling's worth of punch that he could not. The wager being accepted, the tallow-chandler agreed to send him a joint the next day to be baked, and accordingly sent two ribs of beef, weighing ten pounds. The baker, without any hesitation, took one rib, and sent the other home. The tallow-chandler, as soon as he had dined, ran to the baker, saying, You have lost, for I sent two ribs of beef, and you returned but one.—The baker replied, Well, I confess I have lost, and readily paid the shilling; which he could well afford to do, as he had five pounds of meat and a share of the punch for his shilling.

A Gallant Pun.

A gentleman in company with some very fine and handsome women, was asked by a friend how he relished the fashion of short petticoats, of which plenty of examples appeared before his eyes. Extremely, replied this gallant Lothario, I care not to what height it is carried.

An elegant Compliment.

Garrick once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent-Garden would hold. I could tell you to a shilling, replied the manager, if you would play Richard in it.

A sarcastic Pun.

When the order of Jesuits was broken, the chateau of Voltaire afforded an asylum to one whose name was Adam, a man of integrity, but little talent. Give me leave, says Voltaire, to introduce to you father Adam, but not the first of men.

A Bon-Mot of Quin.

In a summer, when the month of July was extremely wet and cold, some person asked Quin whether he ever remembered such a summer. Yes, replied the wag, very seriously, last winter.

Another.

A person applied to Quin, as manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers, he began the famous soliloquy of Hamlet,

To be, or not to be, that is the question.

Quin, indignant at the man's absurd education, exclaimed very decisively, No question, upon my honour; not to be, most certainly.

Bon-Mot of Charles II. of England.

A few days after the Rye-house plot, Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants of any kind. The Duke of York afterwards remonstrated with his royal brother on the imprudence, nay, absurdity of such conduct.—Charles, a little nettled to be so reproved, answered quickly, Brother James, take care of yourself, for no man will kill me to make you king.

A sarcasm of Pope.

The bard of Twickenham, though very short and deformed, was nevertheless very partial to his person. One day he asked Dean Swift what people in Ireland thought of him. They think, says the dean, that you are a great poet and a very little man. Pope exclaimed passionately, And Mr. Dean, the people in England think quite the reverse of you.

Bon-Mot of Zimmerman.

During the last illness of the great king of Prussia, Dr. Zimmerman, an eminent physician in Hanover, attended on his majesty. The warlike monarch in merry humour accosted his physician, Well, doctor, I suppose you have helped many into the other world. Not so many, replied Zimmerman, as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.

Henry IV. of France.

Having heard his courtiers speak of a man of wit, expressed a wish to see him. He was introduced while the king was at dinner, and placed opposite to him at table. What is your name, my friend? demanded Henry. I am called Gaillard, sire, replied the wit. Gaillard, a very good name, truly. What difference is there between Gaillard and Paillard?* No great deal, retorted the gentleman, between the two; the distance is not greater than the length of this table.

Inutility of a Standing Army.

A Turkish ambassador exaggerated the forces of the sultan his master, and expressed his astonishment that a king, like Henry IV. who was yet scarcely established upon the throne, should have so small an army. To those who reign by justice, replied this great prince, force is not necessary.

* A libertine, or man of licentious manners.

A Confession.

A man and his dog, named Cuckold, going out together in the evening, in returning home, the dog ran in doors first. Oh, mother, says the boy, Cuckold's come.—Nay then, says the mother, your father's not far off I am sure.

Pun upon names.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, and the other Garret, riding by Tyburn, says the first, This is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a garret.—You fool, says Garret, don't you know there must be chambers first.

Dramatic hardship.

A young man being announced for the part of Romeo, and being engaged to perform all that line of acting; a veteran in the same company, declared it was very hard. For, added he, I have played Romeo myself these forty years; and here comes a whipper-snapper of a boy, and takes it from me at last.

Effect of Habit.

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them; and going one day through Tavistock-street, his coat-sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to catch upon the iron spikes of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turned about in a great surprise, and cried out, At whose suit, sir? at whose suit?

On an excellent Musician playing to awkward dancers.

How ill the motion with the music suits,
Thus fiddl'd Orpheus, and thus danc'd the *brutes!*

Romeo.

The amateur of fashion (R. Coates, Esq.) having finished the character of Romeo, was *encored* by some

of the gallery wags; whereupon the gentleman got up, made his bow and obligingly repeated the dying speech. A person in the pit remarked that Mr. Coates was a *good Christian*, for he was *always ready to die.*

Kean's Shylock.

On Mr. Kean's first appearance at the theatre-royal, Drury-Lane, in the character of Shylock, when the actor was whetting his knife, a critic in the pit said I see he is a *keen* fellow.

The correct Likeness.

One day when the Duchess of Brunswick was at Potsdam, the King presented Count Scheverin, his grand equerry, with a gold snuff-box on the lid of which was painted an *ass.* The Count had no sooner quitted the King, than he sent his servant to Berlin, had the ass taken out, and the portrait of the King put in his place. The next day at dinner, the Count affected to leave his box carelessly on the table, when the King, who wished to amuse the Duchess at the expense of the grand equerry, spoke of the box he had given him. The Duchess desired to see it; it was handed to her: she opened it, and exclaimed, A perfect! a most striking likeness! indeed, brother, I have never seen a better portrait of you! The King was much embarrassed, and thought the joke was carried too far. The Duchess gave the box to her next neighbour, who expressed equal admiration. Thus the box was handed round the table, and each expressed his approbation of the likeness. The King could not conceive what all this could mean, as he knew nothing of the alteration it had received. At length the box passed under the King's inspection, when he instantly perceived the trick, and could not help laughing.

Peace and Concord.

M. Otto, the French ambassador to the British court, displayed a most splendid illumination at his

house in Portland Place, on account of the signing of the definitive treaty of peace betwixt Great-Britain and France, in 1801. Whilst his illumination was in preparation, two British tars happened to pass his house: they observed in a transparency the words *Peace and Concord*, which they read *Peace Conquer'd.* They *conquer* peace, and be damn'd to them! exclaimed one of the tars, and immediately knocked at M. Otto's door, insisting to see that gentleman. M. Otto made his appearance: the enraged tars demanded the reason of his presuming to insult the British nation. M. Otto in vain attempted to explain the meaning of the words. But nothing would satisfy the gallant fellows: they peremptorily insisted on his removing the obnoxious word *concord*, which M. Otto, with much politeness, promised to do, and actually altered the sentiment to *Peace and Amity.*

An Irish Lawyer.

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

Colonel Bond.

Colonel Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell; and it was strongly reported every where, that the Protector was dead. No, said a gentleman who knew better, he has only given *Bond* to the devil for his farther appearance.

Irish Resolution.

When the Union with England and Ireland was first in agitation, many citizens in Dublin, who were inimical to the measure, resolved to *burn* every article imported from this country, except *coals.*

Theatrical Pun.

About three weeks after the farce of the Sleep-walker was produced, a friend said to another, Have you seen the new farce? No, replied he, but I intend to go, as I find the Sleep-walker is *running*.

Dean Swift.

During the government of Berkley and Galway, who were jointly Lords justices of Ireland, two livings, Larcor and Rathbeggan, were bestowed upon Mr. Swift; and as soon as he had taken possession of them, he went to reside at Larcor, and gave public notice to his parishioners, that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his desk, when, after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places. And then proceeded regularly through the whole service.

Morris and Pope.

When the *Essay on Man* was first published, it came out in parts, and without a name. A little after the appearance of the first, Mr. Morris, who has attempted some things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for music, which was performed in private before some of the Royal Family, accidentally paid a visit to Mr. Pope, who after the first civilities were over, inquired of him, what news there was in the learned world; and what new pieces were brought to light? Morris replied, that there was little or nothing; or at least little or nothing worth notice: that there was indeed a *thing* come out called An Essay on Man, the first epistle, threatening more, for he had read it, and it was a most abominable piece of stuff, shocking poetry, insufferable

philosophy, no coherence, no connexion at all. If I had thought, continued he, that you had not seen it, I would have brought it with me. Upon this, Mr. Pope very frankly told him, that he had seen it before it went to press, for it was his own writing, a work of years, and the poetry such as he thought proper for the expression of the subject; on which side, he did not imagine it would ever be attacked, especially by any pretending to have knowledge in the harmony of numbers. This was like a clap of thunder to the mistaken bard: he reached his hat, and with a blush and a bow, took his leave of Mr. Pope, and never more ventured to shew his unlucky face there again.

A friend in need, is a friend indeed.

A poor woman who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintances that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into that worst state of sickness, poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: *These must be used as necessities require: be patient, and of good heart.* He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

Sexton's Wit.

A grave-digger, who had buried a Mr. *Button*, sent the following bill to his widow:

To making a *button* hole, - - 6*s.* 8*d.*

Fox-hunting or Hare-hunting.

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox; and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of the window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door for admittance. Pray, gentlemen, said he, are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting this morning?

Alliteration.

The admirers of fine writing, and particularly of that new species of beauty called ALLITERATION, now so much used by orators, will be pleased with the following character of a young lady, from the Newcastle Journal of 12th July, 1788.

Died, in the flower of her age, Miss Mary Harrison, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Harrison of Weddon Bridge House. If *b*oundless *b*enevolence *b*e the *b*asis of *b*eatitude, and *h*armless *h*umanity the *h*arbinger of a *h*allowed *h*eart, these *c*hristian *c*oncomitants *c*omposed her *c*haracteristics, and *c*onciliated the esteem of her *c*otemporary acquaintances, who *m*ean to *m*odel their *m*anners by the *m*ould of their *m*eritorious *m*onitor.

There are but two instances, at least in our present recollection, which approach near to the above, the one is, *H*enry *H*allam, *h*atter, *h*osier, and *h*aberdasher, at *H*olborn Bridge, *H*atten Garden. The other, *B*enjamin *B*ell, *b*rown *b*read and *b*iscuit *b*aker, near *B*attersea *B*ridge.

Oxonian Wit.

The Earl of Rochester once endeavoured to throw off his wit upon a young academic at Oxford, by thus accosting him:

Pray, Mr. Student, can you tell,
Which is the nearest way to hell?

The other instantly retorted:

Some say, Woodstock, I say nay,
For Rochester's *the nearest way.*

A Conventicle.

A sea-officer was prevailed on *for once* to accompany a friend to a certain assembly of modern fanatics. When he arrived, the first thing which struck the son of Neptune, was the *Prayer;* in which the noisy orator, with foaming vociferation, and the countenance of a fury, set forth himself and his congregation as the vilest of sinners, and that in such opprobrious terms, as induced the honest tar (convinced by the earnest manner of the preacher, that all he said was literally *true)* to whisper to his companion, Jack! d'ye hear what d——d scoundrels we are got among?—Come, let's get off before the roof comes down upon their heads, and sends the whole crew to the devil.

Dull and stupid.

When I have a cold in my head, said a gentleman in company, I am always remarkably *dull and stupid.* —You are much to be pitied, then, Sir, replied another, for I don't remember ever to have seen you *without a cold* in your head.

A Publican's Pun.

One Mr. *Ash* coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat. Indeed, sir, said he, I dare not. Dare not! replied the other, what do you mean by that? You know, sir, answered he, there is an act of parliament against stripping of *Ash.*

The power of Orthography and Punctuation.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to

the parson of the parish:—but instead of spelling and pointing it properly, viz.

A person, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation.

She spelled and pointed it as follows:—

A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation.

The parson (who had not examined the contents of the paper) gave it out accordingly.

Never speak ill of the dead.

A gentleman calling for small beer at his friend's table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant without drinking. What! said the master of the house, don't you like the beer? it is not to be found fault with. No, answered the other, we should never speak ill of the *dead*.

General Wolfe.

General Wolfe, a few days before the glorious action on the plains of Abraham, invited a gallant Scotch officer to sup with him. On the same evening, he was met by some brother officers, who asked him to sup with them. No, said he, I am to sup with Wolfe this very night. The hero of Quebec was within hearing, when a pert ensign observed, I think it might be *General* Wolfe. Why, said the captain, I have heard of Cæsar, and Alexander, but I never heard of *General* Cæsar, or *General* Alexander. Wolfe bowed, and felt the full force of the compliment.

The Mariner's Compass.

A Scotchman one day bragging in Shebbear's company, that it was a countryman of his that had the honour of inventing the compass, Shebbear took his part against the rest who differed from him, and he said he could further tell them the occasion of it. The Scotchman seemed much pleased at having so

good an advocate, when Shebbear proceeded as follows:

Whilst a captain of a ship was coasting with all that caution which was necessary before the invention of the compass, a storm suddenly sprang up, and drove him out to sea. Not knowing where he was, and expressing his concern for the safety of his ship, a Scotchman, among the crew, bid him not be under so much uneasiness, for he could at least tell him in what direction they were.—Well, that will do something, says the captain. Then here it is, mon, (says the Scotchman, pulling a louse out of his head, and placing it on a sheet of white paper) watch that fellow's motions well, for I'll be d——d if ever you saw a Scotch louse that did not always travel *south.*

A Traveller's Trick.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of bed. A traveller in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel; who drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, Arrah, my dear honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiv. The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in raising Sawney, who was not a little surprised at finding the spur on on his heel, loudly exclaimed, Deil damn the daft chiel of an ostler, he's ta'en my butts off last night, and left on the spur.

A *Consecration.*

At the consecration of a cardinal, there were a great number of bishops sitting in an amphitheatre under the doom of the Sarbonne, where the cere-

mony was performed; when a lady present, astonished at the spectacle, exclaimed—What a fine sight is this to see all these bishops sitting in such order! Methinks I am in heaven! Why, Madam, replied a gentleman who sat next to her, there are not in Heaven half so many bishops as you see here!

A field Officer.

A *vagrant* lately brought before a magistrate, charged with wandering about and lying in the open air, replied, in justification, that he was only attenping his duties as a *field-officer.*

A Prisoner's Wit.

A prisoner being brought up to Bow-Street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: How do you live, Sir? I have generally a joint of meat and a pudding at dinner! I mean, Sir, how do you get your bread? Oh, I beg your Worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop. You may be as witty as you please, Sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do? Tolerably well, I thank your Worship; I hope your Worship is the same.

Beau Quaker.

A young quaker, from a distant country, came to London; and being struck wih the gaudy fashions of the times, commenced beau. Among other articles of dress, he ordered a blue satin waistcoat, trimmed with silver, and in this returned to his father, who, after staring at him, said, How didst thou get this trumpery waistcoat for the vain adornment of thy outward man?—I *created* it, said the son, Created it! echoed the father. Yea, replied young Aminadab, for I said, *let it be made*, and it *was* made.

A Poet's Friend.

A young gentleman entering into the study of his

friend, who was a youth of the poet tribe, and finding him absent, and the following unfinished stanza lying on the desk.

The sun's perpendicular height
Illumined the depths of the sea;

took up the pen, and thus concluded it:—

And the fishes, beginning to sweat,
Cry'd, damn it, how hot we shall be!

Dr. Pitcairn's way of asking for Snuff.

Madam, permit me to emerge the summits of my digits, in your pulveriferous utensil, to excite a grateful titillation in my olfactory nerves.

Plucking a Pigeon.

Cooke, the miser, having an ulcer on his leg, which (he being of a gross habit of body) alarmed him; employed a Mr. Pigeon that lived nearly opposite him in White-Lion Street, Pentonville, to cure it. How long do you think it will be before you can cure it? A month. And how much must I give you? Pigeon who saw that the sore was of no great importance, answered, A guinea. Very well, replied Cooke; but mark this—a guinea is an immense sum of money, and when I agree for sums of this magnitude, I go upon the system of *no cure no pay;* so if I am not cured at the expiration of the month, I pay you nothing. This was agreed to.—After diligent attendance for several days, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied, and would not let Pigeen see it any more. However, within two or three days of the month being up, the old fellow got some sort of plaster, with euphorbium in it, from a farrier, and made a new ulcer on the place where the former had been, and sending for Pigeon on the last day of the month, shewed him that his leg was not well, and of course the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited!* This

story the old fellow used to tell himself with great satisfaction, and used to call it *plucking a Pigeon.*

Thomas Crown.

A pleasant young fellow, about half seas over, passing through the Strand at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began with the insolence of office, to file a string of interrogations, in the hopes of being handsomly paid for his labour, What is your name, sir?—Five shillings.—Where do you live?—Out of the king's dominions.—Where have you been?—Where you would have been with all your heart.—Where are you going?—Where you dare not for your ears. The officious guardian of the night thought these answers sufficient to warrant him to take the young man to the watch-house. The next morning, on being brought before the magistrate, he told his worship that as to the first question, his name was Thomas *Crown;* with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; with respect to the third he had been drinking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last, (said he) I was going to bed to my wife. The justice repremanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr. Crown a good morning.

Not at Home.

When Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Colley took no notice of this at the time, but when in a few days afterwards Booth paid him a visit in return—he called out from the first floor that he was *not at home.* How can that be, answered Booth, do I not hear your voice? To be sure you do, replied Cibber, but what then? I believed your *servant maid,* and it is hard indeed, if you won't believe *me.*

Paddy's Luck.

An Irishman purchased the sixteenth of a lottery

ticket, for which, as they were high, he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a twenty pound, and on application at the lottery office, he received three-and-twenty shillings for his share.—Well, said Pat, I'm glad it's no worse; as it was but a *twenty pound*, I have only lost *eight and sixpence*; but if it had been a *twenty thousand* I must have been *ruined*.

A Poacher's Pun.

A poacher was lately carried before a Magistrate, upon a charge of unlawfully killing game in the nobleman's park, when he was caught in the act; being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it, replied: An please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his Lordship's park, as the witness has told you; but I can bring the whole parish to prove that for these thirty years it has been my *manner*.

A Fool's Wit.

A silly country squire asked a Merry Andrew why he played the fool? For the same reason that you do, answered he; *for want;* you for want of wit, and I for want of money.

The Ghost.

A foolish fellow went to the parish priest and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. When and where? said the pastor. Last night, replied the timid man, I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre.—In what shape did it appear? replied the priest. It appeared in the shape of a *great ass*. Go home, and hold your tongue about it, rejoined the pastor, you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your *own shadow*.

An Irish Recruit.

An Irish recruit being rebuked by the serjeant for for striking one of his comrads; I thought there was no harm in it, quoth Pat, as I had *nothing* in my hand but my *fist.*

Bear to the stake, and steak to the Bear.

Mr. Wilkes going to Dolley's chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, in order to observe the humours of the place, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *stake*, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer: the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, See the difference between the *City* and the *Bear-garden;* in the latter the *bear* is brought to the *stake*, but here the *steak* is brought to the *bear.*

A Tailor's Wit.

A noble lord having given a grand gala, his tailor made one among the company, whom this lord walked up to, and accosted in the following manner: My dear sir, I recollect your face, but cannot remember your name: to which address the tailor whispered in answer, *I made your breeches.* His lordship taking him by the hand, said aloud, *Major Bridges,* I am very glad to see you.

Ben Johnson.

Ben Jonson owing a Vintner some money, staid away from his house; the Vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money: and also told him if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Jonson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to

the Vintner, praising the wine at a great rate; says the Vintner, this is not our business, Mr. Jonson; answer me my four questions, or else you must pay me my money, or go to Jail, (and he had got two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him.) Pray, says Ben, propose them: Then, says the Vintner, tell me, 1*st.* What pleases God? 2*dly.* What pleases the Devil? 3*dly.* What best pleases the World? and *lastly*, What best pleases me?—Well, then,

God is best pleased when man forsakes his sin;
The Devil's best pleas'd when man delights therein:
The world's best pleas'd when you do draw good wine;
And you'll be pleased when I do pay for mine.

The Vintner was satisfied, gave Ben a receipt in full, and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

A Picture of European Nations in Miniature.

In religion the German is unbelieving; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian very ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.—In keeping his word the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.—In love the German does not understand it; the Englishman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.—In external appearance the German is tall; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of the middle size; the Spaniard frightful.—In dress the German is shabby; the Englishman superb; the Frenchman changing; the Italian a tatterdemalion; the Spaniard decent.—In keeping a secret, the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian does not utter a word; the Spaniard is very mysterious.—In manners the German is clownish; the

Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.—In vanity the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all; the Frenchman praises every thing; the Italian values little what is of little value; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.—In eating and drinking, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman a lover of sweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.—In offending and doing good, the German does neither good nor bad; the Englishman does both without reason; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both respects.—In giving advice the German is slow; the Englishman resolute; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.—In speaking, the German speaks little and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman speaks and writes well; the Englishman speaks badly, but writes well also; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.—In address the German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is airy; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.—In laws, the German laws are indifferent; the Englishman has bad laws, but observes them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but observes them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws; the former observes them negligently, the latter rigidly.—Servants are companions in Germany; slaves in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; and submissive in Spain.—Diseases, the Germans are particularly infected with fleas; the English with whitlows; the French with the small-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with the wens.—The women are housewives in Germany; queens in England; ladies in France; captives in Italy; slaves in Spain.—In courage, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a

fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.—In the sciences, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman has a smattering of every thing; the Italian is a professor; and the Spaniard a profound thinker.—Magnificence, in Germany the princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armories are magnificent.—Husbands (make the conclusion); in Germany they are masters; in England servants; in France companions; in Italy school-boys; and in Spain tyrants.

Doctor Franklin's Whistle.

When I was a child, of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered, and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle. My friends, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given for it four times as much as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.—This, however, was afterwards of use to me; the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself don't give too much for the whistle, and so I saved my money.—As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.—When I saw one too ambitious of court favour, sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, this man gives too much for his whistle.—When I saw another

fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them: by that neglect, he pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.—If I knew a miser, who gave up every comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; poor man, said I, you pay, indeed, too much for your whistle.—When I meet with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of his mind, or his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his constitution in the pursuit; mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.—If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debt and ends his career in prison; alas! said I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle. When I saw a beautiful sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, what a pity it is, said I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.—In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistle.

Copied from the Door of a House in a small Village in Dorsetshire.

John Gibbins, tailor, school-master and astronomer—I also keep a journeyman to all sorts of blacksmiths' and carpenters' work, and to hang church bells.—Any gentleman as bespeaks a coat may have it on Friday, or Saturday, without fail.

N. B. It being rumoured that I intend to leave off business, on account of my being elected churchwarden, I hope my friends will not give ear to such blood-thirsty reports—by their humble servant, JOHN GIBBINS.

High Road to Suicide.

Foppery begat a spruce shop-boy—a spruce shop-boy begat a pair of half-boots—a pair of half-boots begat a little stick—a little stick and the half-boots begat ambition—ambition begat credit—credit begat a shop—a shop begat a horse—a horse begat a chaise—a chaise begat a curricle—a curricle begat expense—expense begat a hazard table—a hazard table begat losses—losses begat a bankruptcy—a bankruptcy begat a gaol—a gaol begat want and misery—want and misery begat a disregard for life—and a disregard for life begat suicide.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

A Whip.

At a tavern meeting, where Mr. Nash was present, the money usually allotted being expended, and the company being in a merry mood, were disposed to stay somewhat longer, a whip was proposed, which Nash undertook to collect; but one of the company, a testy old gentleman, when applied to, made a great many words at spending a trifle extraordinary; and added, Suppose I have not a mind to whip, what then?—Why then, says Nash, you must e'en whip away.

A Passage Wanted.

A poor malefactor was lately surprised by his visitor, a methodist teacher, searching the bible very attentively, he said, he was looking for a passage he could not find!—Give it me, said the pastor, I can find any passage.—Can you so? said the criminal, why, then I wish you would find me a passage out of this prison.

Alexander and the Pirate.

Alexander the Great asked a pirate, who had been taken prisoner, and was brought before him, why he was so daring as to infest the seas, and commit de-

predations in such a shameful manner? For my own private advantage, as you do, replied the pirate; but, as I only employ a single galley, I am called a pirate; whereas you, because you make your excursions with your whole fleet, are called a king!—Alexander was so well pleased with the boldness (and, probably, with the justice) of the man's answer, that he immediately ordered him to be set at liberty.

Time.

You murder time, said Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band at Drury-lane Theatre, to Mr. Kemble, who was rehearsing a song in Richard Cœur de Lion.—Well, if I do, said the tragedian, I am more merciful than you, who are continually beating him.

A Pill for Parsimony.

When Mr. Sheridan, Doctor Ford, and Mr. Linley commenced their government of Drury-lane Theatre, each of the gentlemen had a private box for their several families—Doctor Ford, being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candles unconsumed the preceding evening. Shortly after, all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, when the present Duke of Norfolk paid them a visit, and, inquiring into the state of the Theatre, Mr. Sheridan pointed to all the private boxes, except Doctor Ford's, which made his Grace inquire what box the Doctor had; when Charles Bannister, who was present, instantly replied, the candle-box, my Lord!—The peer and Sheridan laughed heartily at the repartee.

A methodist Sermon, from G. A. Steven's Lectures on Heads.

Brethren! brethren! brethren! The word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all do breathe therein. What, are you drowsy? Then I'll rouse ye; I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment

cases of your consciences, and whip the devil about like a whirl-a-gig among you. I will, I will, I will, even as the cat—even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall out, so from the bottom of my voice will I bawl out; and the organ pipes of my lungs—and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among you; and the sweet words that I shall utter will sugar-candy your souls, and make caraway comfits of your consciences. Do you know how many tailors make a man? Why nine. Nine tailors make a man;—and how many make half a man? Why four journey-men and an apprentice. Even so have ye all been bound apprentice to Miss Fortune, the fashion-maker, and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves, you have, you have, you have. Did you ever see a man eating boiling hot hasty-pudding? Do you know how many wry faces he makes when it scalds him? Just so many wry faces will you make when Old Nick has nicked you. My great bowels groan for you, and my small guts yearn for ye. I have got the gripes, the gripes of compassion, and the belly-ache, of pity. Give me a dram, give me a dram, give me a dram!—a dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you what reformation and abomination mean; which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and butter-milk, and therewith make a sinful stir about.—Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; and abomination—why that is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.

Have you carried your consciences to the scourer's lately? Have you bought any fuller's earth to take the stains out? You say yes, you have, you have. But I say no, you lie! you lie! you lie! I am no velvet-mouthed preacher! I scorn your lawn sleeves. You are full of filth, you must be boiled and pur-boiled; yea, ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup for the Saints to sup a ladle full of, and then the scum and the scalding of

your iniquities will boil over, and that is called the kitchen-stuff of your conscience, which serves to grease the cart wheels that carries us over the devil's ditch. Why, there is the devil's ditch, aye, and the devil's gap too. The devil's ditch, that's among the jockies at Newmarket; and the devil's gap, that's among the other jockies, the lawyers, at Lincoln's Inn-fields. And then there's the devil among the tailor's, and the devil among the players; yes, yes, the players, they play the devil to pay. The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter hooks of temptation. Tragedy is the blank verse of Belzebub, comedy is his hasty-pudding, and pantomime is the devil's country dance.—And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes, but you won't pay me, not till Belzebub's bumbailiff lays hold of you, and then you think I will pay your garnish, but I won't though; no, you shall all lay on the common side of the world, like a toad in a hole that is baked for the devil's dinner.

---Put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat,
For 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye
How much this preaching scours the belly;
How pinching to the human tripe
Is pity's belly-ache and gripe,
But that religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to serve the trade.

Do you put some money in the plate. Pray put some money in the plate, and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away, even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back; and you shall be cleaned from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,

That I your preacher, now may eat,
And then I will, whene'er you please,
With lifted hands, on bended knees,
Say, sing, and swear, that only those are right,
Who crowd this tabernacle every night.

The Monkey and the Irishman.

A certain apothecary, in a country town, had a very large monkey, which he dressed up in man's clothes, and generally left to watch the shop. It happened one day that an Irishman being in want of change for half a guinea, called in at the apothecary's shop to get it. He accordingly walked in, and mistaking the monkey for an apprentice, requested of him to give him change. The monkey heard his request without making any reply, as indeed, he could not be expected to do; and stretching forth one of his paws, took up the half guinea, which lay upon the counter, and dropt it into the till. Hereupon he scampered away up stairs, leaving the Irishman to stand kicking his heels by himself. Pat's patience being at length exhausted, when he saw no signs of the monkey returning with his money, he began to stamp, curse and rave at a devil of a rate; swearing by all that's sacred, that he would not leave the shop without his money. This noise brought down the master, who, in a very angry tone of voice desired to know the cause of all this tumult. Hereupon the Irishman recounted his story, at which the apothecary could not refrain from laughing heartily, and informed him, that what he mistook for the 'prentice was no other than a monkey, which had lived in the family for several years. This, however, would not satisfy Pat, who fancied that the apothecary was only cramming him, and therefore began to breed a greater riot than before. This, as is usual in such cases, drew together a large mob round the door, who almost all of them took part with the Irishman, and insisted that the apothecary should return the money. In the midst of this confusion, the mon-

key, who had been the cause of all this uproar, looked out at the garret window, and seeing such a crowd of people, he very deliberately took up the chamber-pot, and discharged its odoriferous contents upon their heads.

A Painter's Bill, for work done in a Country Church.

To filling up the chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.
To a new thief on the cross.
To cleaning six of the apostles, and adding an entire new Judas Iscariot.
To a pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a set of teeth for the lioness.
To a new alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer.
To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's hand.
To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter.
To a pair of sleeves for Susannah's shift, and repairing the breeches of one of the elders.
To cleansing the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face and mending his left arm.
To a new skirt to Joseph's garment, and a lascivious eye for Potiphar's wife.
To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a Long boat, for Noah's ark.
To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine.
To making a new head for Holofernes, and cleaning Judith's hands.
To making perfect the Eunuch attending on Esther.
To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam.
To mending the net in the miraculous draught of fishes.
To a perspective glass for David viewing Bathsheba, and mending his right eye.
To painting a new city in the land of Nod.
To cleansing the garden of Eden, after Adam's expulsion.

To finishing the tower of Babel, and furnishing most of the figures with new heads.

To painting a shoulder of mutton, and a shin of beef, in the mouths of the two ravens feeding Elijah.

Epitaph on a Watchmaker, in Aberconway Church-yard.

Here lies, in an horizontal position,
the outside case of
PETER PENDULUM, watch-maker.
Integrity was the mainspring,
and prudence the regulator,
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous and liberal,
his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions,
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going by people who did not
know his key;
even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
that his hours glided away
in one continued round
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky minute putting
a period to his existence,
he departed this life, wound up
in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker,
and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired,
and set a-going,
in the world to come.

Crooked Artillery.

A gentleman asked a Colonel of militia, How the besiegers at Valenciennes managed to destroy the

men working in the zig-zags? The reply from the intelligent warrior was, by having crooked artillery, to be sure.

An Actress answered.

Mrs. Webb, of Covent-Garden theatre, was rehearsing the part of Lady Anne, in Richard the Third, at Lynn, in Norfolk, in much distress, about the year 1778. When she came to that passage where the disconsolate fair utters, Shall I never have rest again. Her irresistible landlady, who had been listening, suddenly popped her head into the room, and with her arms a-kimbo bellowed, No, thou waggabone, that thou shassn't, till you have paid me for your board and lodging.

A Hint.

Mr. Rook of Covent-Garden Theatre, advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription, upon receiving an accident. A few days after, he desired the man to shew him the list of names, which he read, and returned it to the poor fellow; who, with some surprise, said, Mr. Rook, won't you give me something? —Is it me you mane, my dear? Why zounds man, didn't I give you the hint?

A Son in Law.

Mr. Abrahams, said Lord Mansfield, this man is your son, and cannot go in the same bail bond.—He ish not my son, my Lord.—Why, Abrahams, here are twenty in the court will prove it.—I will shwear, my Lord, he is not.—Take care, Abrahams, or I shall send you to the King's Bench.—Now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will tell the truth.—Well, I shall be glad to hear the truth from a Jew.—My Lord, I wash in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters. When I came home I finidsh dis lad. Now the law obliges me to maintain him; consequently he ish but my son-in-law. Well, Moses, re-

joined Lord Mansfield, this is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever heard.

The Hand of a Body.

I say, you Mullooney, by the Holy Father, I've found the hand of a body—look at it, Paddy, do you know whose it is?—Ochone—ah! bad luck to my mother's son, but I know it as well as he that made it. It's Paddy Fogarty's, myself knows it by the thick thumb.

A Highway Robbery.

A gentleman of acknowledged political sagacity, whilst conversing on the great burthen of taxes, being asked what he thought of the double toll upon turnpikes, concisely answered A highway robbery.

Languages.

Charles V. speaking of the different languages of Europe, thus characteristically described them:—The French is the best language to speak to one's friend—the Italian to one's mistress—the English to the people—the Spanish to God—and the German to a horse.

The Scarlet Fever.

Who is that very red-faced lady, pray? said one gentleman to another, at a route. Why, answered the other, with whom the lady in question was no favourite, I take her to be the scarlet fever that goes about.

A Cobbling Punster.

A young lady reprimanded her shoe-maker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes which she had ordered; and among other objections, insisted that they were not fellows.—Crispin replied, that he purposely made them so, in or-

der to oblige her, well knowing the chastity of her disposition, and that she was not fond of fellows.

On a arunken Landlord.

Landlord, with thee now even is the wine,
For thou hast pierc'd his hog's-head, and he thine.

Beau Nash.

Nash, seeing a gentleman before him in Fleet-street, whom he took for an old acquaintance, ran after him, and, without speaking a word, clapped him on the shoulder. However, when the gentleman turned, he discovered his error, and asked pardon; but the other grumbled, and seemed displeased. Pray, don't be angry, says Nash, why, I mistook you for a very honest gentleman; How do you know but I am so? said the other surlily. Why, if you are, says Nash, I shall be a second time disappointed.

Odd Notions of Liberty.

A respectable tradesman, in Liverpool, finding two or three of his best workmen had been absent for several days, went in search of them, and, after some time found them in the dark kitchen of a little pot-house, so small, that there was scarcely room to breathe, or turn themselves; where, it seems, they had been for three days, alternately drunk and sober. On their master reproaching them for their neglect of business, they told him, that one of their companions having got married, they were determined to enjoy two or three days of liberty.

A Court-Audience.

Old South, a witty churchman reckoned,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who, at all preaching, made a sport:
He soon perceived his audience nod,

Deaf to the zealous man of God ;
The doctor stopp'd, began to call,
Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale :—
My Lord, why, 'tis a monstrous thing,
You snore so loud—you'll wake the king!

A Minister's Friendship.

A gentleman who had been long attached to Car dinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarin of his many promises, and dilatory performance. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a man in his situation as a minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previous to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. Mazarin's friend replied, My Lord, all the favour I expect at your hand is this:—that whenever you meet me in public, you will do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner. In two or three years the friend of the cardinal became a wealthy man on the credit of the minister's attention to him ; and Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to persons on such security.

Vicar of Bray.

The reader has frequently heard this reverend son of the church mentioned ; probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres.—The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a protestant under Edward the Sixth ; he was a papist again under Mary, and at length became a protestant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versa-

tility of religious creeds, he made answer, I cannot help that; but, if I change my religion, I am sure I keep true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray.

A Welch Sermon, at a Funeral.

Tearly Beloved—I am come here among you to make a creat preachment upon that dead pody. My tex is the ten-and-twentieth chapter of Maccabeus, te verse, indeed, I cannot ferry well remember, but I am sure it be dere, te words be dese, Fachilate de orate, dat is to say, vatch and pray; and I will stick to my text I will warrant you.—Our creat crandfather Adam was a ferry coot man, in coot truth was he, and dwelt in Cot's house in Paradise, and a prave place I'll warrant you it was; he had efry thing provided in his hand, he did not buy so much as a noggin, piggin, or spoon; he had plenty of apple trees, plum trees, pear trees, sherry trees, cottling trees, and all sorts of trees; but for want of coot take heed, he was fallen. Ah! how was he fallen? —Why, I will tell you how he was fallen. Our creat cranmother Eve, a pox take her for a plaugy package, must needs go a rambling and a changling from home, and coot not stay at home with her own husband, but did rop an orchard; te devil show't the way, for if dere be any mischief about, te devil and woman must have a finger in the pye, so she came home and persuaded her husband to eat some of her stolen apple; it was a creat mercy, O Cot, it did not stick in her throat and choak her. After this she was proved with child, and was prout to ped of a fine poy, and called his name—I cannot now ferry well remember—O tear, it was Cain; aye, Cain vas it: he vas a prave lad, put an unlucky rogue like his mother. And a little time after she proved with child again, and was prout to ped of another fine poy, and called his name Apel; dis vas a very coot lad, for he did stick to part of my text, he did pray; and had he vatched too pefore Cot, his prother Cain

had never come pehind his pack and knocked out his prains. Dis vas a murdering villain, so he vas opliged to overrun his country, and get him a wife in a strange land, which taught him strange tricks I will warrant you. Thus you see, peloved, how the sins of roppery and murder came upon the earth, aud prout a heavy shudgment upon the world; vat you think that vas? I will tell you. It profed those parsel of plaugy lawyers, attornies, and pum-pailiffs, to rop the people and keep their estates and monies all themselves. Put after dis there came another sin upon the earth, and prout a heavier shudgment upon all the world. Vat you think that was? It was the sin of trunkenness; for Cot's sake, pefare of trinking too much; for our cranfather Noah had no sooner escaped a scouring in the ark, and got safe on land again, put he went to the first ale-house he could find, and there he sat trink, trink, all day and all night, and then went home trunk and apused his family. The sin of trunkenness, my peloved, prout heavier shudgment than all the rest; and vat a heavy shudgment do you think it profed? Why, I will tell you. It prout dese destroying locusts, dese consuming catterpillars, those hellish fermin, those cursed Egyptian plagues, joined altogether, excise-men and custom-house officers, to pry into efry nook and poke for efry drop of coot trink; Cot confound them all, and from them Libra nos domine, that is to say, Lort, deliver us.—In the dreadful day of shudgment, when the parstors shall pe called to give an account of the sheep delivered to their charge, and I, your poor unworthy pastor, shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to my charge. And when the Lort calls, I will not speak; and when he calls a second time, I will not answer; put when he calls a third time, I will say as old Eli bid Samuel, On, say Lort, for thy servant heareth. And when he asketh for the sheep delivered into my charge, pefore Cot, I will tell him, flat and plain, you are all turned goats!—*Amen.*

Avarice.

At the French academy, Abbe Reignier, the secretary, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member, to defray the current expenses. The Abbe did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. I have given already, he replied. I believe it, said the Abbe, but I did not see it.—And I, rejoined Fontenelle, who was standing at his side, saw it, but did not believe it.

San-cu.

The Rev. Mr. —— had a pointer called Sancho. One day as he was out a shooting, he unluckily shot the dog's tail off, after which he christened him San-cu.

No bad liquor.

A country vicar in the East Riding of Yorkshire, giving his text out of Hebrews, pronounced it Hebrews 10 and 12 (meaning the chapter and verse.) An old toper, who sat half asleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked of brewing so many bushels to the hogshead. By the Lord, says he, and no bad liquor neither.

A Lady's Instruction to her Chambermaid.

Lay my head on the top of the draws; put my bottom on the chair, and the hips by it; take care of my bosom, and do not ruffle it; lay this eye in the dressing-box; take this shoulder and lay it under my head.

Oranges.

As an ignorant countryman was walking along Cheapside, he stopt at a fruit-stall to inquire the price of some fine oranges. Two-pence a piece master, replied the woman that kept the stall. The

devil they are, quoth the countryman, then if a piece cost two-pence, what must a whole orange come to?

Humanity.

Two sailors were observed, by a gentleman, very busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a pound, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity and character, made the following reply:—Why lookee, master, we saw this here animal aground, without victuals, d'ye see, sir, and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable and give him his liberty, because we have known before now, what it is to be at short allowance!

Glump and Humph.

A newly married couple, after several disputes about prerogative, agreed one day as they sat by the fire-side, that whoever asked the first question should resign all claim in future to wearing the breeches. The man's name was Glump, and his wife's name was Hump. It happened at the time of this dispute, that the pot was on the fire. Hump, Hump, quoth the husband, pointing to the pot; but not daring to ask his wife to take it off. Glump, Glump, said the wife; being as little inclined to do it, as her husband; and so between them they let the pot boil over. Anon, a strange dog seized upon one of their young pigs. The same farce was again repeated by our loving couple, and so the poor pig was sadly worried. Soon afterwards a drunken young rake rushed into the house, and closping the wife round the waist, A woman I want, says he, and a woman I'll have. Not here, though, interrupted the husband, shall he, Humph?—But you asked the first question, though, quoth his wife, and who is to be master now, pray?

Necessary Information.

A fond couple on the eve of marriage, in one of their loving walks, discoursing on sundry matters

relative to the holy state in which they were about to enter. My dear, began the intended bridegroom, I should be very sorry to conceal a matter, which, should it transpire after our marriage, may, perhaps, occasion you great uneasiness. For this reason I have thought proper to acquaint you, that you must not be surprised if a little son of mine, already made to you hand, should occsionally pay you a visit.—You see, my dear, I deal frankly with you, and I hope you will not take it amiss. Not at all, replied his mistress, and, indeed, I have long had it my mind to inform you of a little girl of mine, which I have proposed for that self same son of your's, as fine a child as ever you beheld, and of which your friend Roger is father. Now, my intention is, when your child and my child have attained to a proper age, we will have them married to each other, and thereby strengthen the alliance between us.

On the Monument to Butler's Memory.

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him when starv'd to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

An Omelet.

A merry wag, who had the reputation of being an excellent trencherman, going one day into an eating-house, desired to have an omelet, giving particular orders to have it good. On its being served up, our wag, with evident symptoms of dissatisfaction, put his hand to his nose and mouth; which the mistress of the house observing, was very much offended, and in none of the politest terms, assured him, that there was no need for him to be more nice than wise; that the omelet certainly was as sweet as need be, and none of the eggs addled. You

mistake, good woman, replied the wag, my design in acting in this manner. I have no doubt of the goodness of the omelet, but, as it is so exceedingly small and thin, I put my hand before my mouth that my breath may not blow it away.

An Epitaph at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire.

Here lies the wife of Simon Stokes,
Who lived—and died—like other folks.

A Venial Pugilist.

A pugilistic clergyman in Devonshire, one revel Sunday after service got so pot-valiant, as to fight nearly half his parishioners, and wonderful to tell, conquered them all, though at the expense of a broken pate and two black eyes.

The next sabbath, several of his antagonists appeared at church, exhibiting in their countenances proofs of their pastor's valour. He was likewise a man of humour, and to mortify them still more, took for his text, Nehemiah xiii. 25.—And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God.

The Babes in the Wood.

An Irishman, running through a street in Dublin, was called out to with Arrah, Pat, where in such hurry? By Jasus, honey! I'm only going to see the babes in the wood. Upon inquiry, it appeared that honest Pat had two sons, who were that day exalted; or, what is vulgarly called put in the pillory.

A private letter sent from one Quaker to another.

Friend John,

I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh, called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument with a seal fixed there-

unto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lamb-skin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by. And so I rest thy friend in the light.

R. G.

A Dark Age.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. Faith, man, said the king to the person who presented it, if I do, my son then must reign by candle-light.

Powerful Preacher.

A certain reverend drone in the country preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended.—Truly, said a gentleman present, this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse.

Arithmetic.

An honest Hibernian, in a company who blamed the clergy for taking a *tenth* part of the people's property, exclaimed, Aye! they would take a *twentieth* if they could.

End of the Law.

When old serjeant Maynard waited upon William the Third, with the address and congratulation from the gentlemen of the law, the king complimented the old man upon his good looks, and added, that he had outlived all his brother-lawyers. Had it not been for your majesty's arrival, replied he, I should have outlived the law itself.

Letting the Cat out of the Bag.

Baron, the French actor, was a great favorite of the ladies. A woman of high rank used to receive the visits of Baron very privately. One day Baron uninvited came into her drawing-room, full of company of the highest fashion and rank. Baron, said the lady, haughtily and angrily, what do you come for?—For my night-cap, madam, replied the indignant actor in a loud voice.

The Plea.

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady (to whom he had once paid his addresses) murmured at the charges. Madam, replied the limb of the law, I had a mind to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match.

A simile illustrated.

When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The duke of Buckingham called her a rose. I am no judge of flowers replied Milton, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily.

Indian dreaming.

It is a custom among the Canadian Indians, that when one dreams that another has rendered him any service, the person dreamed of thinks it a duty to fulfil the dream if possible. A chief one morning came to the governor, sir William Johnstone, and told him that he had last night dreamed that sir William had made him a present of the suit of regimentals he wore. The governor readily presented them to him; but as the Indian was going out, Stop, said sir William, I had almost forgot; but I dreamed about you last night; I dreamed that you gave me such a tract of land, describing a large tract.—You shall have it, said he; but if you please, sir William, we will *not dream any more.*

The swinish multitude.

The bishop of Soissons was remarkable for absence. When once attending the levee at court, he entered into conversation with a young gentleman whom he did not know, and among other questions, asked him if he knew who was that fat sow that just came in. Sir, said the lad, that fat sow is the wife to the Sweedish ambassador, and mother to the little pig that has now the honour of squeaking to your grace.

Justice superior to Valour.

It was debated before Agesilaus, whether courage or justice was the greater virtue. There would be no occasion for valour if all men were just, replied the king.

Classical Wager.

In the year 1740 the resentment of the country party was carried to an extravagant height against sir Robert Walpole, whose power was then nearly at an end. Mr. Sandys, on the 11th of February, went up to the minister in the house of commons, and informed him that in two day's time he should bring a charge against him in public. Sir Robert was no stranger to the intended motion, nor to the day it was proposed to be made, nor even to the honourable gentleman's intention of acquainting him with it: he therefore received the intimation with the greatest composure and dignity, and not without some mixture of contempt at the nature of the information; and, after desiring fair play, he laid his hand upon his breast, saying,

———Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ.

Mr. Pulteney (afterward earl of Bath, who, as usual, sat upon the same bench with him, said drily, that that was false Latin: the minister wagered a guinea that it was not; and a copy of Horace being imme-

diately produced, and the words of the author appearing to be

——nullâ pallescere culpâ,

Mr. Pulteney took the guinea, and held it up, with this sarcastic observation, that it was the only guinea of the *public money* that he had ever received.

Root and Branch.

Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, What a glorious sight it is to see such number of branches flourishing from one root! but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth; and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. Why then, madam, said he, I was thinking how much more all the branches would flourish if the root were under ground.

A convenient Nap.

The Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. Jack, says one, early in the morning, are you asleep?—Why? replied the other. Because if you are not, I will borrow half-a-crown of you.—Is that all? Then I am.

Modesty of true Learning.

A mussulman doctor being asked a question in the way of his profession, replied, he did not know any thing of the subject. Indeed! rejoined the inquirer, does not the caliph allow you a salary for your learning?—He pays me, replied the doctor, very calmly, for what I know, and the stipend is handsome; but if he wished to reward me for what I do not know, I question whether his treasures would supply the demand.

Trial of Wit.

A person abusing another to Churchill, said, he was so insufferably dull, that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. Pray, sir, said Churchill, *did you ever try him?*

A promising Youth.

Concerning the late earl of ———, who when young was remarkable for cajoling his creditors with a future pay-day, it was observed by one of his friends, that it was a pity that fortune should neglect so *promising* a young gentleman.

Improved Brewing.

They've rais'd the price of table-drink:
What is the reason do you think;
The tax on malt's the cause, I hear;
But what has *malt* to do with *beer?*

The democratic blood-royal.

Mr. Selwyn seeing the chimney-sweepers on May-day in all their gaudy trappings, observed, I have often heard of the *majesty of the people*, but I never saw any of the *young princes* before.

Proxies.

A French constitutional priest who had usually a very small audience, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed, that he could no longer find fault with his district for none attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their *representatives.*

Consideration.

A patriotic candidate, who offered himself as the representative of a Kentish borough, told a yeoman

to whom he applied, that, if he were returned member, he would exert all his influence to turn out the ministry. Will you? replied the yeoman: then I promise, you shall not have my vote; for I am not for changing them, be they good or bad. I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them lean, they eat more than they are worth; but when they have once grown a little fat, the feeding them is not half so expensive. So I am for keeping the present set; a new herd would devour more.

A Coalition.

At the commencement of the parliament in 1802, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Sheridan took the oaths at the same time; the premier, happening to have no silver in his pocket, borrowed a couple of shillings to pay for his oath. This being observed from the gallery, the following paragraph appeared in a morning paper of next day: Something is certainly on the carpet at present between the ministry and opposition, for we assert from undoubted authority, that yesterday *a loan was negotiated* between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Sheridan.

Columbus and the Egg.

Columbus mentioning with great humility his discovery of America, some of the company spoke in very depreciating terms of the expedition. There was no more difficulty, replied Columbus, than there is in setting this egg on its end. They tried the experiment, and all failed. Columbus, breaking one of the ends, set the egg upright. The company sneered at the contrivance. Thus, observed Columbus, a thing appears very easy after it is done.

An easy way to satisfy Electors.

When Mr. Sheridan first stood for Stafford, he made abundant promises to procure places for such electors as would vote for him; and, wonderful to

relate! he kept his word, for numbers of them were appointed to offices in Drury-lane theatre and the opera-house. By this munificence he gained his election; but in a very short time he found opportunities to oblige new friends, most of the others being obliged to relinquish their situations from *receiving no pay.*

Easy terms.

A celebrated courtezan in the decline of her beauty put up to sale by auction all the trinkets, &c. which she had received from her former lovers. Observing some pretty women who murmured at the appraisal of them as too high, the fair sinner addressed them with a sly look, and a kind of frown in her face, I suppose, ladies, you would like to have them at *prime cost.*

To Lord Nelson.

(By Peter Pindar.)

With his lordship's night-cap, that caught fire on the poet's head, as he was reading in bed, at Merton.

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

Judgments.

The duke of York, afterwards James II. once visited Milton; they talked together for some time; and in the course of their conversation, the duke asked Milton whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against Charles the First, the duke's father. Milton's reply was to this effect: If your highness thinks that the calamities which befal us here are indications of the wrath of heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the late king himself? The displeasure of heaven must, upon this

supposition, have been much greater against him than against me; for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head.

A convenient punishment.

A noted thief who was tried for purloining a parcel out of the Worcester mail-coach, being found guilty, Jemmy's observation, on sentence of transportation for seven years being passed on him, was: It matters not, it is high time I should return to my *estate* at Botany: I dare say there has been a *pretty game carried on* since I left it.

Royal compliment.

The deputies from the parliament of Paris waited on Henry IV. to congratulate him on a victory in which marshal Biron had signalized himself. The king, pointing to Biron, addressed the deputies, Gentlemen, I beg your attention to marshal Biron, a person whom I present with equal pleasure to my friends and to my enemies.

No grumbling.

An Irish bachelor objected to a surcharge of his taxes; but on being told that it arose from his celibacy, the objection was immediately withdrawn. He said, Every man should pay for his *luxuries*.

New Character.

The late duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade-night, he asked Foote, what *new character* he should go in. Go *sober!* said Foote.

Mr. John Robinson.

During the administration of lord North, Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons observed, it was well known that there was a certain individual appointed by government as the

manager of that house. Name him, name him, was the general exclamation. No, said Mr. Fox, I don't choose to do that, though I could do it as easily as say *Jack Robinson.*

Epigram.

Treason does never prosper—What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

Another.

The lovely hair that Galla wears
Is hers—Who could have thought it—
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know *where she bought it.*

A deficiency of evidence.

A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying, I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect.—That you may do safely, replied the wag; for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales.

Midshipman's half-pay.

An officer in the navy being asked what Mr. Burke meant by the cheap defence of nations, replied that many in his line understood him to mean midshipman's half-pay, *nothing a-day and to find yourself.*

A subject of surprise.

Mr. (now lord) Erskine, being counsel for the plaintiff in an action for the infringement of a patent for buckles, expatiated with his usual eloquence on the improvement made on this manufacture. What, said he, taking out his own buckle and exhibiting it to the court, what would my ancestors say, were they to rise out of their graves, and see me with such an ornament as this? They would be surpris-

ed, I dare say, observed Mr. Mingay, to see you with either *shoe or stocking*.

A commandment kept.

A young officer, not over-fond of fighting, waited on the commander on the eve of a battle, to request leave of absence to visit his father and mother, both of whom were extremely ill. Yes, said the general, honour your father and your mother, *that your days may be long*.

A sea-horse.

The captain of a West Indiaman wished to buy a horse. After the purchase was made, the captain said, Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are. —What do you mean to do with him? said the other. Why, to take him to sea, answered the captain. Then I will be candid, replied the dealer: he may go very well at sea; but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him.

A palpable hit.

One evening Tom Sheridan sitting with his father over a bottle, was complaining of the emptiness of his pocket. The right honourable manager told him jocularly to go on the highway. I have tried that already, said he, but without success.—Aye! how? replied his father. Why, resumed he, I stopt a caravan full of passengers, who assured me they had not a farthing, as they all belonged to *Drury-lane Theatre*, and could not get *a penny of their salary*.

Military pun.

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, My lord duke, says the marshal, you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world.—

I hope, replied the duke, you except those who have had the *honour of beating them.*

Gold and paper.

At a fashionable whist party, a lady having won a rubber of 20 guineas, the gentleman who was her opponent pulled out his pocket book and tendered £21. in bank notes. The fair gamester observed, with a disdainful toss of the head, In the *great houses* which I frequent, sir, we always *use gold.*—That may be, madam, replied the gentleman, but in the *little houses* which I frequent, we always *use paper.*

Fancy-pictures.

In a convivial assembly, some of the company questioning whether the little hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath was really the subject of Dr. Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and a doubt arising from the circumstance of the doctor's not having been actually on the spot when he composed that pathetic piece, an old Irish gentleman present, with the zeal of a warm defender of his country's rightful honour, exclaimed, Why, gentlemen, was Milton actually in *hell* when he wrote his *Paradise Lost?*

An ill-wind.

The late Sir W—— Y—— was famous for the keenness of his wit; he was likewise so remarkable for the foulness of his breath, that he was commonly called the Bug. Coming into the Smyrna coffee-house, one day after a ride, he complained bitterly of the north wind, as it blew in his face all the way home. Then, Sir William, said Colonel Cutwell, who sat next him, the north wind *had the worst of it.*

Improved shaving.

A gentleman coming into a barber's shop to be shaved, was tormented by the fellow's finical man-

ners and insignificant garrulity. In what manner would your honour be shaved? exclaimed the tonsor. If possible, replied the gentleman, in silence.

A Hint.

Henry the Fourth of France was much enamoured of a lady who used to attend the court. The prince one day, in a gallant humour, said to the lady, Pray, madam, which is the way to your bedroom?—Through the church, replied she.

A Monkish bull.

An Italian monk has written a Life of St. Francis Xavier, where he asserts, that by one sermon he converted *ten thousand persons* in a *desert island.*

A powerful Preacher.

While an eastern priest was preaching in a mosque, one of the hearers seemed greatly affected. Proud of this circumstance, the preacher asked the man how his discourse had affected him so much. O sir, said he, it is not that; but your long beard put me so much in mind of a favourite goat I lost that I could not help crying.

Cart before the Horse.

A wretched artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. I am white-washing it, said he, and in a short time I shall begin painting. —I think you had better, replied one of his audience, paint it *first*, and *then* white-wash it.

Prayers answered.

Sir Thomas More for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; at last they had a boy, who, when he grew up, proved but simple. Thou pray'dst so long for a boy, said sir Thomas to his wife, that at

last thou hast got one who will be a *boy* as long as he lives.

Unexpected meetings.

A young author was reading a tragedy to monsieur Piron, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet, perceiving Piron very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. I cannot pass a very old acquaintance, replied the critic, without that civility.

The explanation.

Some persons were abusing a preacher for a bad sermon he had delivered on Good Friday before M. Santreuil, the poet. He did better the preceding year, observed the bard. He did not preach at all, replied the critic. That is what I mean, replied the bard.

Political illustration.

After the septenial act was passed, a member who had voted for that measure, on the next dissolution waited on a quaker, one of his late constituents, to solicit his vote. No, quoth Aminidab, thou hast proved thyself an unworthy servant; for I sent thee on an errand of *three* years, and thou has staid *seven*.

A Consolation.

A lady complaining that she was *near* thirty, a person who knew she was much older, replied, Madam, every day removes you *further* from your complaint.

Trivial wager.

I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong, exclaimed a dull and warm orator, to the president Montesquieu in an argument. I accept it, replied the philosopher; any *trifle* among friends has a value.

A double bull.

Two gentlemen passing a black-berry bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them *black*-berries when they were *red*.—Don't you know, said his friend, that black-berries are always *red* when they are *green*?

No scandal.

A lady suspected of popery was brought before a justice, a rigid puritan, who told her, nothing could do away her suspicious conduct but calling the pope a knave. I know nothing of his holiness, replied the lady; but if I knew him as well as I do your worship, I could very readily call him a knave.

A miracle enhanced.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Antony of Padua, painted the *lobsters* stretching out of the water *red;* having probably never seen them in their native state. Being questioned on this, and asked how he could justify his representing the lobsters as *boiled*, he extricated himself by observing, that *the miracle was the greater.*

Over-cautiousness.

An ignorant young spendthrift wishing to borrow some money as privately as possible, was startled at reading the beginning of the bond, *Know all men* by these presents; and declared his unwillingness to sign it, as it must certainly *come to his father's ears.*

Degrees of comparison.

An Irishman, meeting an acquaintance, thus accosted him: Ah! my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend, Patrick; faith, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him: to be sure your are thin, and I am thin, but *he is thinner than both of us put together.*

A practical bull.

A worthy gentleman, living in Vauxhall-walk, had the bell-wire of his door cut one night by some inebriated persons returning from the garden. To prevent the recurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell-hanger to place it *out of reach.*

Complimentary Epitaphs.

Colonel ——, who made the fine fire-works in St. James's-Square, on the peace of Ryswick, being in company with some ladies, was admiring the epitaph on Mr. Purcel's monument:

He is gone to that place where alone his *harmony* can be exceeded.

La! colonel, said one of the ladies, the same epitaph might serve for you by altering only one word:

He is gone to that place where alone his *fireworks* can be exceeded.

Origin of Whigs.

Doctor Johnson, not long before his death, asked a literary character of revolutionary principles, who was the first whig. I can't immediately recollect, sir, replied the gentleman. Then I'll tell you: the *devil* was, and he got kicked out of heaven for it.

A Cockney's simile.

A citizen in the country, preparing to get into a boat with the rest of his company, hesitated, and declared his apprehension of being drowned, should any accident happen; for I assure you gentlemen, said he, I know no more how to swim than a *goose.*

Advantage of time.

A merry but poor man being laughed at for wearing a short cloak, replied, It will be *long enough* before I have done with it.

A Prime Minister's manufacture

Lord Thurlow, when lately at Scarborough, had an interview with one of the workmen. What work is this? said his lordship. A *pier*, answered the fellow, but not such as Mr. Pitt is famous at making.

A dangerous case.

A surgeon being sent to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders to his servant to go home with all possible speed and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said, Sir, I hope there is no danger.—Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon; for if the fellow don't make haste, the wound will heal before he returns.

Requisites for going to law.

A lady asked an old uncle, who had been an attorney, but left off business, what were the requisites for going to law; to which he replied: why, niece, it depends upon a number of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a *good cause*. Secondly, a *good attorney*. Thirdly, a *good counsel*. Fourthly, *good evidence*. Fifthly, a *good jury*. Sixthly, a *good judge*. And lastly, *good luck*.

Bottling and corking.

A comedian, who attended some time since to perform at a benefit, went to sleep in the green-room, before he dressed for his character. Bannister, who happened to be present, immediately shook him, and exclaimed, Why, you have been *bottling* your eyes.—I have so, said he, and now I'll go and *cork* my eyebrows.

Prudence with Genius.

Burke had written a tragedy, which he shewed to his friend Fox. Being asked by the latter if Garrick had ever seen it; No, replied Burke; I have

had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself.

Check to extravagance.

The manor of Winchenden (formerly the estate of the Wharton family) is situated in a dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the soil is a very stiff clay. Cibber, the laureat, who sometimes visited the famous duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his coach with him, when it went very slowly through a deep slough. Colley, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said to his grace, It is reported, my lord duke, that you *ran through* your estate; but it is impossible for you to *run* through this.

A turf Bull.

At race in the north among other horses that started for the plate one was called Botherum. An Irishman, taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite happened to be in the rear of all; on which Paddy exclaimed, Ah! there he is: Botherum forever; see how he *drives them all before him.*

An Application.

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, Sir, says he to the farmer, do you know, sir, that I have been at the two universities?—Well, sir, said the farmer, I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, he only grew the *greater calf* for that.

Similes on a Wife.

A wife domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door;
But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,

And speak but when she's spoken to;
But not, like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Like a town-clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But not, like clocks, harangue so clear
That all the town her voice might hear.

Young man, if these allusions strike,
She whom as bride you'd hail,
Must be just like and just unlike
An Echo, Clock, and Snail.

Economy.

A lady told her butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved. I know no method so effectual, my lady, replied the butler, as placing a barrel of *good ale by it.*

Narcotics.

A judge, who shall here be nameless, being present at the representation of Pizarro, fell asleep in the midst of Rolla's speech to his troops. Mortifying as this must have been, Mr. Sheridan, with his usual good humour, said, Let him sleep; *he thinks he is on the bench.*

Mutual aversion.

Sir John Trevor, who for some misdemeanors had been expelled the house of commons, one day meeting with archbishop Tillotson, cried out, I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman.—And I, replied the good bishop, hate to see a knave in any shape.

Equivalents.

A young fellow once came dancing, whistling and singing, into a room where old Colley Cibber

sat coughing and spitting; and, cutting a caper, triumphantly exclaimed, There, you old put, what would you give to be as young as I am?—Why, young man, replied he, I would agree to be almost as foolish.

Outrageous assault.

In an Edinburgh newspaper, of the 9th of July, 1796, is the following paragraph: An indictment has been preferred before the sheriff against a *breeches-maker* for a violent assault on *three* of the *royal Edinburgh volunteers.*

Interested Compassion.

The celebrated duke de Roclore (the favourite wit and buffoon of Louis XIV.) was in his person very far from being agreeable; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person was awkward.—Another nobleman whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into compliance. After the king had finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, But for heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in this intercession?—I will tell your majesty: if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France.

Royal wit.

A learned serjeant belonging to the Bloomsbury volunteers, who was more accustomed to let off *squibs* than to fire muskets, on a field-day thought it would save him some trouble if he loaded two or three times before he fired. The consequence was, that the musket gave him such a shock, as not only to throw him but the gentlemen behind him in the

centre and rear ranks, on their backs. Next day he attended the levee, when his majesty, who had been told of the circumstance by one of the pages, said, What, what, what, serjeant; one at time, serjeant! one at a time!

Another.

The king, in one of his morning rides, noticed Mr. Blanchard's pretty house on Richmond-Hill; and being told it belonged to a card-maker, he observed, What! what! what! a card-maker! all his *cards* must have turned up *trumps.*

Mutual fears.

A man being asked by his neighbour, how his sick wife did, answered: Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful; my wife fears *fears she shall die*, and I fear *she will not*, which makes a most *disconsolate* house.

Extensive dealings.

A gentleman crossing the Strand, was applied to by a man who sweeps the cross-ways for charity.—The gentleman replied, I am going a little further, and will remember you when I return.—Please your honour, says the man, it is unknown the credit I give in this way.

The able decipherer.

A person went to a scribe and desired him to write a letter for him; but the other excused himself, having a sore foot. What has that to do with it? said the man: I don't want you to carry it.—Perhaps not, replied he; but when I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, as nobody else can make it out. This man might with truth be called, though an able decipherer, only a *lame* writer.

Everlastings.

A shopkeeper recommending a piece of silk for a

gown, told his customer, Ma'am, it will wear *for ever*, and make a petticoat *afterwards*.

High living.

Two girls of high fashion, coming into an assembly-room at Bath, met a fat citizen's wife quitting it Ah! said one of them pretty loud, there is *beef a-la-mode* going out.—Yes, answered the fat woman, and there is *game* coming in.

The criterion of reason.

Some philosophers maintain, that speech is the criterion of reason. Parrots and other birds speak; are they then rational? Women we know are rational, but *would they be less so if they spoke less?*

The complaisant painter.

Vigeé, taking a portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most extreme contraction. Do not trouble yourself, so much, madam, exclaimed the painter; for if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all.

A new scheme.

Mr. S———, one day, being dressed in a very handsome pair of new boots, met a friend, when the following conversation ensued. Friend, These are handsome boots, Sherry; who made them?—S. Hoby.—F. How did you prevail on him?—S. Guess. F. I suppose you talked him over in the old way.—S. No, that won't do now.—F. Then when they came home you ordered half a dozen pair more? S.—No.—F. Perhaps you gave a check on Hammersley, which you knew would not be honoured.—S. No, no, no; in short, you might *guess till to-morrow before you hit it; I paid for them.*

A herd of Bulls.

Letter from an Irish baronet to a friend in London during the late rebellion.

My dear sir,

Having now a little *peace* and *quietness*, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful *bustle* and *confusion* we are in from these blood-thirsty *rebels*, most of whom are, however, thank God, *killed and dispersed.*

We are in a pretty mess: can get *nothing to eat* nor any *wine* to drink, *except whiskey*, and when we sit down to *dinner* are obliged to keep *both hands armed*: whilst I write this letter I hold a *sword* in *one* hand, and a *pistol* in the *other*. I *concluded* from the *beginning* that this would be the *end* of it; and I saw I was *right* for it is *not half over* yet. At present there are such *goings on* that every thing is at a *stand.*

I should have answered your letter a *fortnight ago* but I only *received it this morning.* Indeed, hardly a mail arrives *safe* with being *robbed.* No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was *robbed* near this town: the *bags* had been judiciously *left behind*, for fear of accidents; and by good luck, there was nobody *in* the coach but two *outside* passengers, who had *nothing* for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday an alarm was given, that a gang of rebels were advancing hither, under the French *standard;* but they had *no colours*, nor an *drums*, *except bagpipes.* Immediately every *man* in the place, *including women and boys*, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force *much* too *little*, and they were *far* too *near* for us to think of retreating; death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time *half* our little party was *killed*, we began to be *all alive.* Fortunately the rebels had *no guns but pistols*, *cutlasses*, and *pikes*; and as we had plenty of *muskets* and *ammunition*, we put them all to the *sword:* not a soul of them *escaped*, *except some* that were *drowned* in an adjoining bog; and, in a very short

time, nothing was to be *heard* but *silence*. Their uniforms were *all* of *different colours*, but *mostly* green. After the action, we went to rummage their camp; all we found was a few *pikes without heads*, a parcel of *empty* bottles *full* of water, and a bundle of *blank* French commissions *filled up* with Irishmen's names.

Troops are now stationed every where *round* the country, which exactly *squares* with my ideas.—Nothing however can save us but a union with England, which would would turn our barren *hills* into fertile *valleys*. I have only *leisure* to add, that I am, in *great haste*.

Yours truly, B. R.

P. S. If you do *not receive* this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to *let me know*.

Criticism.

A would-be Meænas, at a certain time of life, desired his friend to teach him some rules by which he might be able to form a judgment on the poetry which might be brought for his perusal. That's a difficult matter to do, replied the critic; but say the verses are bad, and nine times out of ten you will pass for a good critic. This seems to be the ruling maxim of our modern Scotch reviewers.

Hard times.

A young member of parliament lately in the midst and heat of harangue, addressed the chair; And now, *my dear* Mr. speaker, &c. which creating a laugh, another member observed, that the honourable member was perfectly in order now-a-days *every thing is dear*.

Friendly advice.

A lady desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a w rk she had just written; adding, that if it would

not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire;* and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. Then said the doctor, after turning over a few leaves, I advise you madam, to put it *where your irons are.*

A dead pun.

In company, a curious circumstance of a corpse in armour, with *spurs* on, being dug out of an old vault was mentioned, and the persons present were conjecturing about the mode of the death of the deceased. I suppose, said a wag, the gentleman died of a *galloping* consumption.

Good customers.

A considerable coal-owner in the north was instructing his daughter, a little girl, about eight years of age, in the principles of religion, and explaining to her the rewards and punishments of a future state. He told her among other things, that the wicked would be sent to a large pit, where they would be roasted in an immense fire by evil spirits. She was very attentive, and after a pause, said, Papa, what a good thing it would be if you could get them to *to take their coals of you.*

Gaining a Loss.

Count Tracey, complaining to Foote that a man had ruined his character; So much the better, replied the wit; for it was a very bad one; and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage.

An awkward compliment.

When the late marquis of Lansdowne paida visit to his estates in Ireland, he met with a Mr. W—— who occupied a large farm of his lordship; and unstanding that he was hastening home to the christening of one of his children, his lordship very frankly

offered himself to be his guest. The other, bowing very respectfully, replied, that he could not possibly accept the honor he intended him, that his friends, who were assembled on the occasion, were all *honest, plain speaking* men, and, as such, could *not be fit company* for his lordship.

The Patriot.

A person entering the house of commons when the Rump parliament was sitting, exclaimed, These are goodly gentlemen; I could work for them all my life for nothing.—What trade are you, my good friend? said one of the attendants. A *rope-maker*, replied the other.

Travelling Expenses.

A foolish young man bragging in company of his travelling abroad and having never sent to his parents for any remittances, was asked by one present, how he made his way. By my wits, replied the other. Indeed! says he: then you must have travelled very *cheaply*.

A poor Pun.

A man praising ale, said that it was such an excellent drink, that though taken in great quantities it always made him fat. I have seen it make you *lean*, replied the other. When? inquired the eulogist. Why, last night—upon your stick.

A Grievance Redressed.

A man in a public office in Sparta was guilty of many peculations and frauds; and being called openly a rogue and scoundrel, he complained to his master of these indignities. Sir, says the king, my subjects are plain men in their speech, and call things by their right names.

No sooner said than done.

Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domes-

tic chaplains, paid his addresses to lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. Oliver was told of it by a spy; who followed the matter so closely, that he hunted Jerry to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this news. Oliver in a rage hastened thither himself, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. In a fury, he asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter. White said, May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me. The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such. My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsey, replied, If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him.—Say you so, my lass? cried Cromwell: call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room. Mr. White had gone too far to retreat; the parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector.

True Politeness.

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing by about his master's business. Sir, said the gentleman, do you descend so far as to salute a slave?—Why, yes, replied the governor; I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.

Fitting up a Library.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library: In the first place, want for the vacant shelves, *six feet of theol-*

egy, the same quantity of *school-metaphysics*, and *near a yard* of *old civil law* in folio.

A contribution to Natural History.

A traveller was talking of having seen in some foreign country bugs so large and powerful, that two of them would drain a man's blood in a night.—Sir John Doyle, to whom this was addressed, replied, My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are their known by another name; they are called *hum-bugs*.

Unanimity.

When the Scotch court of justiciary passed sentence of fourteen years' banishment on Mr. Muir, some persons in the gallery began to hiss. The lord justice-clerk turned round in a great fury, and ordered the macer to take the persons who were hissing into custody. The macer with great simplicity answered, My lord they are all hissing.

A Shoeblack's Wit.

A gentleman having had his boots blacked on the street of Dublin, paid his shoe-black with a considerable degree of haughtiness; on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way from the stall, said, By my shoul, all the *polish* you have is on your boots, and I gave it to you.

Bare Posibilities.

Balthazer Gratian recommends all travellers to seek for the following rarities, in every country they may visit:

A great lord without debts; a prince who was never offended at hearing truth; a poet who became rich by his muse; an humble Spaniard; a silent Frenchman; a sober German; a learned man recompensed; a discontented madman; or a true friend. He might have added, *an honest lawyer*, which

would be perhaps a greater rarity than any of the foregoing.

Medical Similes.

Old Taswel, the comedian, having a dispute with Mrs. Clive, concluded his remarks on her by saying Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*; but you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other.

A true King.

When Dr. Franklin applied to the King of Prussia to lend his assistance to America, Pray, doctor, says the veteran, what is the object they mean to attain?—Liberty, sire, replied the Philosopher of Philadelphia; liberty! that *freedom* which is the birth right of Man. The king after a short pause, made this memorable and *kingly* answer: I was born a prince, I am become a king, and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade.

An Inn-keeper's Regret.

Joseph II. emperor of Germany, travelling in his usual way, without his retinue, attended by only a single aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept an inn in the Netherlands. It being fair time and the house rather crowded, the host, ignorant of his guest's quality, appointed them to sleep in an out-house, which they readily complied with; and after eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest, and in the morning paid their bill, which amounted to only three shillings and sixpence English, and rode off. A few hours afterwards, several of his suite coming to inquire after him, and the publican understanding the rank of his guest, appeared very uneasy. Psha! psha! man, said one of the attendants, Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think no

more of it.—But, I shall, replied the landlord; for I can never forget the circumstance, nor forgive myself neither, for having had an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and sixpence.*

A little Distinction.

An attorney (says Sterne) is the same thing to *a barrister*, that *an apothecary* is to *a physician*, with this difference, that your *lawyer* does not deal in *scruples.*

Loyalty.

A loyal shoemaker in Bristol lately advertised that he had the honour to be an *alarmist*, and requested the custom of all his majesty's *loyal subjects*, as he was resolved not to make shoes for a *republican.*

A Touchstone for the Times.

Midas (we read) with wondrous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold.
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

Plebean Pleasantry.

An abbe, who was very fat, coming late in the evening to a fortified city, and meetiug with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate.—I believe so, said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning.

An Alphabetical Pun.

A gentleman and his friend passing through the Old Bailey, soon after the institution of the new drop, were stopped by an immense crowd, and on inquiring into the cause, was told that in a few minutes one *Vowel* was to be hanged. I wonder what

Vowel that can be, cried one of them. It is neither U nor I, replied the other; so let us pass on.

Quite the Barber.

Partridge, in Tom Jones, was a poet as well as a barber; that some of the same trade in Somersetsetshire have a similar gift, is proved by the following quaint lines, which were faithfully copied from the original inscriptions:

I.

Poor bumpkins' skins I torture,
When o'er with soap-suds lav'd;
And tho' I shave them by the quarter,
They're not a quarter shav'd.

II.

Come from what place you will, you of me must have heard;
I draw out the teeth, and cut off the beard;
Besides this, I teach school, and if wanted I bleeds;
And by all this a wife and six children I feeds.

Faults not to be Forgiven.

When Hopkins the Drury-lane prompter, once recommended a man to be engaged as *mechanist* in preparing the scenery of a new pantonime, Garrick made the following objections to employ him:

Southampton-street, Thursday morning.

I tell you, Hopkins, the man will never answer the purpose of the theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a *moon*. I would not give him threepence a dozen for such moons as he shewed me this day. His *suns* are, if possible, worse; besides, I gave him directions about the *clouds*, and such d—d clouds were never seen since the flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the *rainbow* to pieces; 'tis execrable: his *stars* were the the only things tolerable I make no doubt of his honesty, but un-

till he can make a good *sun*, *moon* and *rainbow*, I must dispense with his future services.

D. Garrick.

Scotch Comfort.

On a very wet day in the west of Scotland, an English traveller inquired peevishly of a native if it *always rained* in that country. No, replied the highlander, drily, it *snows* sometimes.

The Scripture Obeyed.

A quaker being interrogated by alderman Wilkes, could not be prevailed on to answer plainly the questions put to him. Wilkes being naturally irritable, was at length in a violent passion, and swore at his prevaricating friend. Dost thou not know, said the quaker, it is written, Swear not all?—I do not swear at *all*, replied Wilkes, only at such fellows as you, who will not give a direct answer.

Impolitic Regulation.

There being once many complaints made to the magistrates of Leicester, that the working people were continually intoxicated, and the informers declaring that they believed it was owing to the peculiar potency of the ale, the justices at a quarter sessions sagaciously agreed to take off a halfpenny a pint from the price, knowing that the brewers would of course lower the quality: Mr. Woolley, who was a magistrate, and in the habit of singing the old song of, Ale, good ale, thou art my darling, did not come among them till the business was determined; but being informed of what had passed, thus addressed them: Gentlemen, I am informed that you have made an order that ale should be sold in our county for three halfpence a pint; I desire that you will now make another order, and appoint *who is to drink it*, for I won't.

Election Puns.

During the poll at Westminster, in the year 1784, a dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray's party observed it stunk worse than a *fox;* to which Mr. Fox replied, there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a *poll-cat.*

Hint to a Parish.

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town, in which time he had not once been invited to dinner by any one of the parishoners, said, in his farewell sermon, I have preached against every vice but luxurious living; for I have not had an opportunity of observing to what an excess it is carried in this town.

Hint to a Government.

When sir John Sinclair moved in the house of commons, a few years since, for a reward of a thousand pounds to be granted to Mr. Elkington, whom he stated to be the best artist for draining the country, a member, who sat next to him, whispered, You forget the king of Prussia, and the emperor of Germany, who have both shewn themselves successful artists for *draining* the country.

Reasonable Deduction.

A poor labourer, having been obliged to undergo the operation of having his leg cut off, was charged sixteen pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when the *rest of his body* came to be buried.

The Composition of Wine.

An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a pipe of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer of

the Company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues, and lion's hearts; for after he had drank enough of it, he could talk for ever and fight the devil.

Hand-bill extraordinary.

As dancing is the poetry of motion—those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to trip it on the light fantastic toe, will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master.—N. B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

A Match.

As Dr. Glover was returning from a tavern across Covent-Garden, a chairman cried out, Chair, your honour, chair! Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, Scrub, Scrub, Scrub.—Och, by my soul, says the chairman, there goes a pair of you.

Shop bill.

James Williams, parish clerk, saxtone, town-crier and bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasharies, groceries, &c. likewise hair and whigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice.

N. B. I keeps an evening school, where I teach, at reasonable rates, reading, writing, and singing.

N. B. I play the hooboy, occasionally, if wanted.

N. B. My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teeth, and shoo horses, with the greatest scil.

N. B. Children taught to dance, if agreeable, at sixpence per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coals—shoes cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and a pair of stocking to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tushday. For particulars encuire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on tother side of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the sighn of the 3 pigeons.

N. B. I sell good ayle, and sometimes cider.—Lodgings for single men.

A proper answer.

Augustus, having heard of a countryman who lived at a distance from Rome, so like himself, that their faces were scarcely distinguishable, was curious to see him, and being in that part of the country sent for him. Being brought into his presence, the emperor, among other things, jocularly asked whether his mother used ever to go to Rome. No, answered he, but my father did.

An adage applied.

A lady hearing a priest in company declare, That saint Dennis, after his head was cut off, walked two whole leagues with it in his hand,; and added, with great emphasis, Yes, two whole leagues.—I do not doubt it, she replied: on such occasions, the *first step is the only difficulty.*

Upper stories.

Lord Verulam being asked by James I. what he thought of Mr. Caderes, a very tall man, who was sent on an occasional embassy to the monarch of France, answered, that some tall men were like lofty houses, were the *uppermost rooms* are commonly the most *meanly furnished.*

An unique.

The late lord Willoughby de Broke was a very singular character, and had more peculiarities than any nobleman of his day. Coming once out of the house of peers, and not seeing his servant among those who were waiting at the door, he called out in a very loud voice, Where can my fellow be? Not in Europe, said Anthony Henley, who happened to be near him; not in Europe.

Ingenious deception

A gentleman having lost a pair of silk stockings, made a bellman cry them, with a reward of eighteen pence, that is too little, said his friend, the finder will not give up a pair of silk stockings for eighteen-pence.—Aye! quoth cunning Isaac, but for that reason I have desired him to say they are worsted.

The Royal querist.

After Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with the king, in the queen's library at Buckingham-house, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. His majesty, replied the doctor, seems to be possessed of much good-nature and much curiosity and is far from contemptible. His majesty, indeed, was multifarious in his questions, but he *answered them all himself.*

A precious Antique.

A student shewing the museum at Oxford to a party, produced among many other curiosities a rusty sword. This, said he, is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass. One of the company observed, that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. You are right replied the student, and this is the very sword he wished for.

Best pay, best custom.

When lord Kenyon and lord Loughborough were chief justices of the king's bench and common pleas at the same time, one fish-monger near Lincoln's-inn-fields supplied the piscatory luxuries of both tables, whose custom it was to ticket the principal article with the name of the purchaser, and hang it up conspicuously in his shop. One day the following labels appeared on the fish destined for the re-

spective boards of these noble lords:—Lord Loughborough 2 *turbots*, 6 hen *lobsters*. 4 dozen *smelts*, 100 *prawns*. Lord-Kenyon, a *haddock*.—A gentleman prssing by, observed to the fishmonger, that there was some difference in the orders of his noble friends. Yes, sir, replied the other, there is; and yet it would puzzle the best lawyer amongst you to tell me which will prove the best customer.

A premature promise.

A French genlleman apprehending himself on his death-bed, earnestly entreated his young wife not to marry an officer, of whom he had been jealous.—My dear, said she, do not distress yourself, I have given my word to another a great while ago.

An illustration.

At an assize for the county of Kilkenny, a witness being asked, if, when examined before a justice, he had not given a different account of the transaction from what he now stated, admitted the fact, but said he was then humbugged in the business. Humbugged, fellow, exclcimed the opposite counsel, I don't know what you mean—Don't you, sir? said the man, why then, upon my conscience, I must try to explain it to you in my own way, by putting a case.—Suppose, now, I should tell the judge and jury you are an able counsel, and they were to believe me, every mother,s son of them would be humbugged, my dear; that's all.

A Counsellor and Courtesan.

When Lucy Cowper was once examined in the court of justice, one of the counsellors asked her if she came there in the character of a modest woman? No, sir, replied she, I do not; that which has been the ruin of me, has been the making of you—I mean impudence.

A Gouty Pun.

A person meeting a friend, who had lately laboured under a fit of the gout, inquired after his health, and was answered, So, so. I am sorry you are no better, replied the gentleman; for I hoped you was recovered in to-to.

Condolence.

A wag called on his friend at his country-house, and perceiving him running very fast through his grounds to meet him, told the gentleman he was very sorry to see him go on so ill. Why so? replithe other. I see, rejoined the wag, you are running through your estate very fast.

Presumptive proof.

Lord Mansfield being one time on the circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle; and in the course of the trial, the counsel for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney, Come, come, said his lordship in a whisper to the counsel, don't exaggerate matters; if the fellow had been an attorney, you may depend on it he would have stolen the bowl as well as the ladle.

A case of conscience.

A Jew travelling, slept at an ale-house, and asked for something to eat. Nothing was to be had but a rasher of bacon. His conscience said no, while his hungry belly loudly spoke the contrary. The privacy too of the place made him venture on the forbidden food. Just as he was about to swallow the first mouthful, came a tremendous clap of thunder. Our Israelite dropt the meat, exclaiming, What a noise here is about a bit of bacon!

Benefit of astronomy.

M. Lalande, the French astronomer during the

whole time of the revolution, confined himself to the study of that science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, I may thank my stars for it.

The Man Milliner.

Whoe'er his head by any chance should pop
Within the precincts of a modish shop,
In whose gay windows every thing appears
Of decking finery that a woman wears
Find an *automaton* in shape of man,
Present a necklace, or display a fan!
Powder'd and perfum'd, see the creature stalk,
Smirk like a lady, delicately talk,
Choose out a head-dress, praise laced shifts to sin in,
Or descant on the prettiest baby-linen;
Commend the muslin drawers, or advise
The pillowy shape to swell the female size.
Rise, women, rise! unto yourselves be just
And tread such *he-she* beings into dust,
While these consume what ought to be your bread,
What lovely thousands must on shame be fed!
Base slave, begone! no woman's birthright spoil,
Resume your manhood by some manly toil,
Nor meanly rifle those whom nature gave
Man's heart to succour and his strength to save.

The dead alive.

A man sitting one evening in an ale-house, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw a fellow dead drunk upon the opposite bench. Do you not wish to get rid of this sot? said he to the landlord. I do, and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks, was the reply. Agreed, said the other, get me a sack. A sack was procured, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burden, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist at whose door he knocked. Who's there? said a voice from within. I have brought you *a subject*, replied

the man; so come, quick, give me my fee. The money was immediately paid, and the sack with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other was gone two minutes, endeavoured to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried out, Why, you dog, the man's alive.—Alive! answered the other, so much the better; *kill him when you want him.*

A professional Wager.

One very dark night, Mr. Elwes, hurrying along the street ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was, insisted on an apothecary being sent for, with which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin, the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for. Very probably, said old Elwes, but, in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please to yours, and I shall do nothing to mine; and I'll wager your bill that my leg gets well the first. He used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

An Eye to the Shop.

A bucher of eminence was lately in company with several ladies at whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies addressing him, asked, Pray, sir what are stakes now? To which, thinking of his business, he replied, Madam, the best rump I cannot sell less than a shilling a pound.

Three Causes.

Three gentlemen being in a coffee-house, one called for a dram *because he was hot.* Bring me another, says his companion, *because I am cold.* The third, who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, Here, boy, bring me a dram, *because I like it.*

A Compliment Declined.

A person in company said to another, you are a scoundrel. The other replied, Gentlemen, you must not mind what the man says; he is only talking to himself.

Rash Resolution.

A lady was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very importunately asked her for alms. She refused him, when he quitted her with a profound sigh; Yet the alms I asked would have prevented me from executing my present resolution. The lady was alarmed lest the man should make some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back and gave him a shilling, and asked him what he meant by what he had just said. Madam, said the fellow, laying hold of the money, I have been begging all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to work.

Well Suited.

It was told lord Chesterfield, that Mrs. W———, a termagant and scold, was married to a gamester. His lordship said, that *cards* and *brimstone* made the best *matches.*

Theatrical Miseries.

After Mr. Boaden had read his Aurelia and Miranda in the green-room of Drnry-lane theatre, he observed he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. I know one

thing more terrible, says Mrs. Powel. What can that be? asked our author. To be obliged to sit and hear it.

Military Preparation.

His grace of Richmond being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount in the kitchen, replied that he wished to accustom the captains to *stand fire.*

Good Excuse.

A youthful parson one day preached
Against the drunken, lewd, and idle;
His flock he earnestly beseech'd,
On their desires to put a bridle.

The service o'er, his text forgot,
The parson revel'd with the squire;
Bumpers went round; Oh! woeful blot;
His rev'rence tumbled in the mire.

Where's now your bridle? quoth his host,
He hiccup'd out; What do you think
I've thrown't away? No, tis not lost;
I only took it off to drink.

Suitable Appointment.

Bannister met a theatrical friend, who asked him when he would come and dine with him. What will you give me for dinner? said Bannister.—Why, replied the other, you shall have eggs and bacon.—Then, said Bannister, I had better come on a Fryday.

Scarce Commodity.

An attorney in France having bought a charge of bailiff for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. What, father! said the son in surprise, would you have me sell justice?—Why not? an-

swered the father, it is too scarce an article to be given for nothing.

A doubtful Cause.

At York assizes, a barrister met a tinker, and jocosely clapping his hand on the fellow's shoulder, asked him what news from hell? A great deal, replied the tinker; a wall is just fallen down. Well, returned the counsellor, it is to be built up again, I suppose. I don't know, says the other; there is a great dispute about it, between the Pope and the Devil. And how, cried the long-robed gentleman, do you think the matter will go? I don't know, answered the tinker; the pope has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers.

A White Face.

Dean Swift being on a visit to a gentleman in the north, the gentleman took him over his grounds; where meeting a man who was considered as a wit, the dean had a mind to try him, and observing his horse to have a white face, he asked him what made it so. Why, replied the old man when you look through a hemp tether as long as he has done, you will have a white face too.

Synonymy.

A physician having been out a shooting one whole morning without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over to the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there; and, adds the man, if there are, I'll doctor them.—Doctor them, says the master; what do you mean by that?—Why, kill them, sir.

Equestrian Pun.

A person meeting a friend in Hyde-park, who had been in very distressed circumstances, driving a set of dun-coloured horses in his phaeton, exclaimed,

My dear sir, I am glad to see you driving your *duns* before you.

Card Extraordinary.

Sampy Sonnet, sole executor and residuary legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney-sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Penzance, that he has succeeded to the brushes and brooms, and (he humbly hopes) to the abilities of his benefactor.—Sampy flatters himself, that those ladies and gentlemen, who may favour him with their commands, will see his efforts marked by the same *nicety* of *touch*, *dexterity* of *manner*, *precision* of *movement*, and *harmony* of *handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be-sufficiently lamented predecessor.

Among his sires
In yonder grove the druid sleeps;
But blaze ye fires,
For in his room
A sampy wields the broom,
And with a kindred skill, a kindred genius sweeps.

N. B. Smokey chimneys cured on count Rumford's principles. Grates fixed, and their apparent angles ascertained with the greatest accuracy, whether intended for *culinary* or for *vestal* purposes—to *roast a goose*, or warm an *old maid*.

Mutual Hints.

The captain of a trading vessel having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, says to an exciseman who came on board, If I were to put a half-crown-piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?—The answer was—No, and if I had another upon my mouth I could not speak.

Fair is Foul and Foul is Fair.

When Foote once wished to draw a full house at

the Haymarket theatre, he inserted in the play-bills, that by particular desire, for that night only, the part of Calista, *the fair penitent*, would be performed by a *black lady* of great accomplishments.

Under prime Cost.

A linen-draper advertising his stock to be sold under *prime cost*, a neighbor of his observed, that it was impossible to sell it under prime cost, *for he had never paid a fathing for it himself.*

A Barrister beaten with his own cudgel.

A Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was thus addressed by Mr. Wallace, advocate for the opposite party. How now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what are you to have for *swearing?* Please your worship, quoth the countryman, if you get no more by *bawling* and *lying* than I do by *swearing*, you will soon be in a leathern doublet as well as I am.

A Reason.

A *melting* sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, Oh, said he, *I belong to another parish.*

A Legaay by anticipation.

When a French peer, a man of wit, made his last will, he bequeathed legacies to all his domestics for their long and faithful services—but to my steward, added he, I shall leave nothing, because *he has served me more than forty years.*

Two Titles.

Almost immediately after Dr. Johnson's tract, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, appeared in America, it was answered by another, entitled, *Resistance no Rebellion.*

Quin's Soliloquy.

On seeing the embalmed body of duke Humphrey.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,
Embalm the *dead*—on senseless clay
Rich wine and spices waste;
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I can never taste!
Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With turtle fat and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade.
Than Gloster's duke more happy I,
Embalm'd alive old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made.

Modern Mirrors.

An old coquette, looking into her glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried, This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do.

Scotch Weather.

Scotland! thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife:
So Termegant awhile her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold, she cries.

A Criticism Answered.

Two cardinals of very mean intellects finding fault with Raphael's picture of St. Peter and St. Paul, asserted that there were too much red in the faces of the two saints. They are blushing, observed the painter, at the *present bad government of the church.*

Compliment to a Prince.

The late queen Caroline declaired her intention of honouring Mr. Pope with a visit at Twickenham.—

His mother was then alive; and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honour. Some years after, his mother being dead, the prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit. When Mr. Pope met him at the water-side, he expressed his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the prince said, It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time. Sir, replied Pope, I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion: while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached, and caressed with safety and pleasure.

A Dialogue between an Irish Innkeeper and an English-man.

Englishman. Holloa, House!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Molingar and Ballinaslee are next week.

Eng. I see.—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see, myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

A challenge.

At Bow-street, on Thursday, July 19th, 1808, notice was given that Mr. Mackintosh, a journeyman-tailor, in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. M'-Creary, an Attorney's Clerk, sent him a challenge, of which the following is a literal copy:—

Mr. Mc. Crae.—You are to come to Chork-farm to-morrow morning at half-past six o'clock, and you are to harm yourself with whatever you please acept sword.

103 Warder-strette. W. MACKINTOSH.

A simile.

Sir Thomas Overbury says, that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

A new light.

An old oman, on the day devoted to St. Michael,

the archangel, going into a church in Paris, where there was a representation of that angel discomfiting the devil, put one large taper close to the saint, and another close to the fiend. Woman! exclaimed the priest, you are making an offering to Satan, you know not what you do,—I know what I am doing well enough; but as I do not certainly know where I am going, it is well to have a friend every where.

Tythe Gospel.

A clergyman in an inland county lately concluded his sermon with the following words:—Brethren, next Friday is my tythe-day, and those who bring the tythes on that day which are my due, shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter.

Hard Running.

John ran so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last:
He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanc'd all, and ran away.

Cold comfort.

A player once complaining to Sam. Poote, that his wife's drunkenness and illconduct had almost ruined him; concluding with a phrase he had a habit of using. And for goodness sake, sir, what is to be said for it;—Nothing that I know, said our Aristophanes, can be said *for it*, but a devilish deal may be said *against it.*

The duty of a good General.

At a violent opposition election for Shrewsbury, in the reign of George I. a half-pay officer, who was a non-resident burgess, was with some other voters, brought down from London at the expense of Mr.

Kynaston, one of the candidates. The old campaigner regularly attended and feased at the houses which were opened for the electors in Mr. Kynaston's interest until the last day of the polling, when to the astonishment of the party, he gave his vote to his opponent. For this strange conduct he was reproached by his quondam companions, and asked what could have induced him to act so dishonourable a part, and become an apostate. An apostate, answered the old soldier, an apostate! by no means —I made up my mind about who I should vote for before I set out upon this campaign, but I remembered the duke's constant advice to us when I served with our army in Flanders, Always quarter upon the enemy, my lads—always quarter upon the enemy.

Addresses.

When, 1650, Richard Cromwell succeeded his father Oliver in the protectorship, he received addresses from all parties in the kingdom, filled with the most extravagant professions of standing by him with their lives and fortunes, at the very moment that they were plotting his destruction. Richard was not quite so blind to all this as the world imagined; for after his seven months mock government, as he was giving orders for the removal of his own furniture from Whitehall, he observed with what little ceremony they treated an old trunk, and begged of them to move it more carefully, because, added he, it contains pledges of the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England.

Challenging the array.

An Irish bookseller, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any personal objections, he might legally challenge them. Faith, and so I will, replied he, if they do not

bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them.

Medical notice.

A country apothecary has written over his door—
All sorts of drugs and *dying* stuffs sold here.

Heraldry.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, and was informed it was Russel: Pray, says the gentleman, is your *coat of arms* the same as the duke of Bedford's?—As to our *arms*, your honour, says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a deal of difference between our *coats*.

Bon-mot of the Bar.

Mr. Erskine being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief.—I'll give you an infallible specific, replied the humourous barrister, get made *attorney-general*, my friend, and then you'll have no *bowels*.

Interested divinity.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled an *unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, he was always with them at the *shearing time*.

Vox populi.

When Oliver Cromwell, attended by Thurlow, once went to dine in the city, the populace rent the air with their congratulations. Your highness, said the secretary, may see, by this, that you have the voice of the people, as well as the voice of God.—As to God, replied the protector, I will not talk about

him here; but for the people, they would be just as noisy, and perhaps more rejoiced, if you and I were going to be hanged.

Positive chancellor.

Mr. Pitt was disputing at a cabinet dinner, on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. Then, said Thurlow, your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to make such a *positive* fellow.

Unexpected Recommendation.

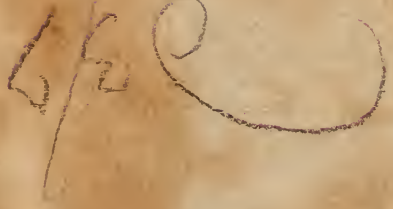
One day when Lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living then vacant. Don't trouble me, said the counsellor, turning upon him with a frowning brow, don't you see I am busy, and can't listen to you?—what duke or lord recommended you? The poor curate lifted up his eyes, and with dejection said, he had no lord to recommend him but the Lord of hosts. The Lord of hosts, replied the chancellor, the Lord of hosts!—I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from him before: so do you hear, young man, you shall have the living.

Musical watch.

The late Mr. Palmer appeared at a rehearsal in a violent purturbation of mind, on some intelligence he had just heard. Mr. Bannister requested to know what made him so uneasy? Monarchs, my dear sir, says Palmer, with a tragedy strut, monarchs have met with afflictions, then why should I grieve? my puppy of a brother, a cub, sir, has made as bad a match as he possibly could make; he was married

yesterday, and the girl is as pennyless as a third-rate actress's dressing woman. What is the lady's name? says Bannister. Sharp, I think they call her, says Palmer. My dear friend. says Bannister, I don't see why you should fret so, it was a musical wedding, there was a flat and a sharp!

THE END.



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